THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1847. WHOLE NO. 1359.

Original Poetry.

THE REQUEST.

TO R. B. R.——.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Answer me, brother—
Brother of song,
Hymns to me, with thee?
Delay thee not long.

Tell me the joys, all,
Tell me the joys
Song of thy hopes,
In the midst of thy years.

Come,gladden my heart,
Or ask me to share,
Part of thy success,
Part of thy care.

Thine is a spirit
Like a strong eye,
Wak'd by the slightest breeze,
Stirring the air.

Meaning is undone,
Or telling a lay
As light as the bird's
That heralds the day.

Ring out the strain, then,
(Let the world moan;)
Sing to a listener,—
Why wilt thou lose?

Answer me, Poet,
Why do we sing,
Striving to mount up
On fathomless wing—

World we be gathering
Flowers on the "Mount,"
Spring-it-from-spring-tide from
"Castaly's fount?"

This is it, dreamer—
Aye—and be still!
Life goeth wearily,
As water may spill

Gladden the hearer, then,
Courting the Nine,
Stand from the "Sisters"
Flowers divine.

Visions of Fame,
Are they bring thee now?
Hope wreathing laurels
To crown thy brow?

Then sing to me, brother!
They will beauty,
Reckoning their marts,
More or less dearly—
Buy other day.

Sing for the Sorrowing,
Bow'd down by grief,
Cheer the lost Wanderer,
Bring them relief.

Sing to the Minister,
Fear not thy lay,—
Almost like Isaiah,
And Heaven will repay.

Medford, Pa. P. WELLS.

LINES TO A DEAD ROSE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

As three dead leaflets, withered rose,
Emblems of feelings now as dead!
On me dare still as true as these,
That breed when first thy foliage spread,
In bloom of mingled white and red!

Gifted thy giver. To my gaze
All beauty of the form or face.
In mere the truest of my days;
Yet well might memory restore
Beauty in her combined with grace

But in the mind, whose perfect light
Imaged the flame revered of old,
Before whose blaze truth grew more bright,
And falsehood into shadow rolled
Wisdom held empire uncontrolled.

Still in thy leaves does fragrance cling,
Still in my heart does hope live;
To hear once more that sweet laugh ring,
To view once more those bright lovers rove,—
Dead rose! her memory never dies!

Then let the test of changeless tone,
Unchanging truth to her declare!
Through long the trial. Vain the sigh
Of weakness in her vast thrown!
On thy dead leaflets, withered rose!

J. A. C. T.

Original Tales.

THE BLINDNESS OF GUILT.

A Leaf from a Law Journal.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

It is not necessary to mention the exact locality of the occurrences I am about to relate. The circumstance they produced is still vividly remembered by all who witnessed or heard of them; and with strangers it would be needless to throw a shadow of painful association around scenes so pleasing to the eye, and hallowed by innumerable records of peace and happiness. Let it suffice that the quiet village of a place once deserrated by crime while the crime itself is proclaimed—a warning to such as are weak in the hour of temptation.

It was many, many years ago, that the inhabitants of a small village in one of the Eastern States, at no great distance from the shore of the most flourishing of our Atlantic cities—were thrown into consternation by the rumor of the sudden and mysterious death of a traveller. He had arrived the evening before, and failing to find suitable accommodations at the tavern, had been invited by a man who claimed to be there, to take up his quarters at his house. The man's name was Thomas Lawton, and his dwelling stood about half a mile out of the village. The stranger had thankfully accepted the invitation; and had been heard to say he did not like the tavern, and was glad of the chance of a more private lodging.

The two had supped together at the public house, as a stranger, whose name it appeared was Haines—paying the reckoning. They departed together about night o'clock. It was ascertained that Haines had declined to eat an early meal on his departure—desiring to be called at sunrise. When the door was opened next morning by the servant, he was found lifeless on the bed. The alarm was given, and medical assistance summoned, but no sign of life could be found. The next thing was to examine the corpse, which exhibited not the least trace of violence. The face was calm and placid as if in slumber. The Coroner's verdict—as usual in cases where no cause of death is apparent—was — Died by the visitation of God.

This did not satisfy public opinion; more especially as the physician who examined the body, declared it his belief that Haines's was not a natural death. The deceased was known to nobody; it could scarcely be supposed that any malicious motive existed for the crime, while his mean dress and common appearance rendered it improbable that he had much property about him. His saddle bags contained nothing but two or three changes of apparel. A purse with a small amount of money, was found in his pocket; but no papers that might lead to a discovery of his family or place of residence. People then knew not what to think; but all agreed that it was a strange mystery, which time alone could unravel.

In those days there was nothing of that facility of communication, which the present celerity in locomotion has brought about. There were few newspapers to spread abroad current reports, which accordingly travelled slowly. Meanwhile the death of the stranger continued to be the talk and wonder of the village. It was generally believed there had been foul play: though no proof existed. Suspicion everywhere rested upon Lawton. Though reported rich, he was not generally liked. His manners were unsocial and repulsive; notwithstanding that at times he wavered into genial companionship and had frequently offered the hospitalities of his home to strangers. He was an Englishman by birth, had lived since his youth in this country, and there were individuals who remembered against him instances of actual cruelty—a brother of his, it was reported elsewhere, which placed his character in no unfavorable light. It was said also that acts of extravagance and disorderly conduct—unlike the score of youth—had compelled him to leave England.

Another circumstance that created a feeling against Lawton, was his superior cultivation of intellect, connected with his voluntary seclusion, and avoidance of the society of those who were most ready his equals in that respect. With men of leisure and acquirement who had resided in the village from them, Thomas Lawton had no intercourse. Yet he might be seen occasionally in the company of his inferiors; and sometimes of an evening he mingled in the social circle assembled at the tavern. Even by these, however, he was little liked; for he was capricious and violent, and never known to forget an injury.

It appeared that he was not insensible to the general distrust of which he was the object. But this knowledge had not after all—for it came home to him to assume a more decided aspect of pride and reserve, while he went about more than formerly. This might be the delusion of conscious innocence; but to many it looked like the hardihood of guilt.

About two months after the event, a man arrived in the village, who had come for the purpose of investigating the circumstances of the traveller's death. He announced himself as Richard Haines, a brother of the deceased, whose name was Richard. He visited the magistrate in whose hands had been left the horse and clothes of the stranger, and demanded to see them. They were at once unreservedly delivered to his brother. The only remaining articles were the saddle bags. These were then discovered, and notwithstanding the progress of decay, identified without difficulty. It only remained now to discover the crime and the criminal.

The rumor was in the disadvantage of Thomas Lawton, which had been circulated in a vague and indefinite manner, began now to assume form and shape, sustained by new facts, more or less plausible, that came to light. Public opinion pronounced him the murderer of Richard Haines. True, there was no proof submitted to anything like a positive evidence, but the strong and universal impression, founded on an accumulation of motives, each one small to be of weight by itself, was allowed to stand instead of such evidence. And Lawton was arrested. The magistrate who examined him, entertained doubts of his acquittal, and he was sent, on the other hand, were certain he would be convicted. The official charged from the result of the former examination; the people by the general feeling prevalent against the accused.

The day at last arrived. The Judge was a clear-headed man, unaccustomed to bend the current of popular feeling. He was opposed to having the trial take place in the village, lest the thought, might destroy matters that had a bearing on the case, and bring hidden things to light. If now tried and acquitted, the prisoner could never again be arraigned for the same offence. If innocent, he could afford to wait; if guilty, the ends of justice would be better answered by delay.

But these reasonable arguments availed little. It was decided that the trial should proceed. The village must have its own; and unconsulted and unmoved. Some agreed with the Judge, others were impatient for the termination of their suspense, and many thought the counsel for the prosecution was secretly on the track of important evidence. But this supposition was ill—made, when the prosecutor demanded that the trial should be postponed for a year.

The demand was earnestly opposed by the counsel for the prisoner. The delay he insisted, would subject his client to a long and painful imprisonment; a grievous punishment if indeed he were innocent of guilty. There was no reason why the fate of the prisoner should not be decided at once.

The judgment was terrible; and the petition for delay was rejected.

It was now the general belief that the accused would be convicted. Nevertheless a considerable anxiety was felt. A large party, who sympathized with Michael Haines—the avenger of his brother's blood—considered that time was not given for the collection of evidence. Others were confident in the justice that overtakes such crimes, and the truth of the saying, "murder will out." But few really entertained a doubt of Lawton's guilt.

The Court was crowded with spectators, and great numbers were excluded—when the court was given to bring in the prisoner. Every eye was turned upon him as he entered. He was a man about forty-five years of age; tall, and slightly built, and his features strongly marked, but not disagreeable in expression. A flush crossed his face when he met the gaze of the assembled spectators; but when called on other sign of emotion, he passed on, bearing to the Court, and having reached his place, stood with in the bear of tranquility, the consciousness of the dreams in which he was to play so conspicuous a part.

His appearance created a considerable sensation; though it was hard to say whether the impression was favorable or otherwise. The calm, collected demeanor of a traveller. He had arrived the evening before, and failing to find suitable accommodations at the tavern, had been invited by a man who claimed to be there, to take up his quarters at his house. The man's name was Thomas Lawton, and his dwelling stood about half a mile out of the village. The stranger had thankfully accepted the invitation; and had been heard to say he did not like the tavern, and was glad of the chance of a more private lodging.

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United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1858

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE PAIR AND THE CHECK. This and the seven paying poems evince considerable poetic feeling and taste, but are not of sufficient merit to justify their publication. The fair author is directed to some of an adept at noticing poetry than writing it.

KATE LEE. This tale is returned, but we have not yet found time to examine it.

STUART. This poem is accepted.

J. B. Our favored is based in reason—common sense. FANCY, is respectfully declined. We don't quite fancy it.

TEN SLANDERERS. There are good things in the poem, but the defects are glaring. "To Night," however, is very good. As to the other poems, it may appear or may not. The author of some pieces is the best judges of the assertion we pay our lady correspondent. A son, From May and others. He hints that we have got a "single gentleman." We can tell him that a gentleman, either single or double is his duty to woo.

With peculiar concern the fellow portion of creation, in July which is none the less, for home sins a pleasure.

TO POSTMASTERS.

Postmasters who have occasion to forward money to us, will please remember that the law confines to Post Office Drafts, went out of operation upon the first of this month. The old plan of forwarding the money direct to us, will henceforward have to be resorted to.

THIS WEEK'S PAPER.

We think we have a good paper this week. "The Sleighers of Guilt," by that accomplished writer, Mrs E F Ellet, is a very interesting tale; and curious as being the only instance of the kind on record. The "Tragic Incident," which is related as happening at the siege of Vera Cruz, holds up to view those instances of war which the Christian still can should never allow himself to forget, that he may have ever-full hope that war is a thing to be justified, save by the most imperious necessity. While the "Tale of Truth," which is undeniably true in written in the most charming manner of a charming writer, and is calculated to promote feelings of charity and love towards the deceived and erring.

Among the selections, on the fourth page, is an article upon "Iron and Steel," by Professor Mapes, some statements in which, since we have had it in type, have been denied. A correspondent of the Ledger says—

Professor Mapes states that "enough iron is sunk and the cotton, and no fire on earth can melt it." I say it can be melted with a loss of about one and a half pounds, or two pounds to the one hundred and twelve pounds, and said loss is only the gross part of the loss. As this casualty is rung in on expert agents in iron, I do not wish that any wrong statement should be laid before the public. If Professor Mapes, or any other scientific gentleman, doubtless to know the process, I will freely communicate it to them.

We here allude to this contradiction, which in substance we only in terms, without knowing what in part is right, in order that our readers may not take Professor Mapes' statement as conclusive, with out further examination of authorities.

As to the various other articles in this week's paper, we think our readers will find much to interest, something to amuse, and a great deal to interest them.

CONDITION OF FRANCE.

It we may believe the letter writers, the people of France are very much dissatisfied with the present government, and the mob of Paris even ripe for revolt. We have seen hints of this character among our foreign news for a considerable time past, but knowing how very little such statements were to be depended upon, we scarcely set them down as the idle partizanship of those in the habit of giving their communications to American readers, with a palatable spicing of alarming news. Even when Dr Russell, long since, gave it as his opinion that things were approaching a crisis in Europe, and that the old struggle between the people and their oppressors was once more at hand, we scarcely credited and heard, we easily shrug out our shoulders, and gave the Doctor credit for more imagination, than judgment. But the last arrivals from Europe bring intelligence of scenes occurring in Paris, which seem to indicate the presence of a very hostile feeling on the part of the lower classes, towards the government of Louis Phil ppe.

We say the lower classes, but we do not wish to be understood that we suppose that feeling to be confined to them. The lower classes, and we mean by this term, the real lower classes, the rabble of Paris, have generally sympathized with the great majority of the people of France. More excited by impulse and less fearful of consequence, than the more respectable portions of society, they generally manifest by their riotous conduct and abusive language the convictions which are glowing in the hearts of the great mass of their countrymen, and only wait on a favorable occasion to flame out. The relation this borne by the mob at Paris, to its inhabitants generally, is also borne by Paris itself to France and by France to Europe. The French are the most excitable people in Europe and therefore are the van in all revolutionary struggles between the people of the continent and their titled oppressors.

But we will call the attention of our readers to some of those recent occurrences which have seemed to us so startling—reminding us, in fact, of those which preceded the breaking out of the great French Revolution. The following is one of them—On the 7th of July the King's son, the Duke of Montpensier, gave a splendid festival, which was attended by a swelling and grave show the days of the Bourbons. The castle and forest of Vincennes were one blaze of light. In one of the meadows was a ball which lasted the room, while through the whole night, fireworks of different colors threw a strange enchantment over the scene. Tents were set and strolling bands of the magnificent park were the employments of the guests. Supper was served five times. The ball lasted till daylight, and the early light distinguished a tilt in the field, saw the magnificent equipages rolling it on the castle towards the gates of Paris. This it will be remembered, was the time of the fall of the famine—many thousands, doubtless, upon that very night, were dying for want of necessary food. But it is not with the festivals or with the entertainments of the great and rich that we have to do. In not the following, for example, somewhat out of the usual run of items?

"As on the appointed evening the long array of brilliant equipages drove through the Faubourg St Antoine and Vincennes, they were met by crowds of workmen, who lined both sides of the thoroughfares with the cry of 'Down with the rich!' 'Down with the aristocracy!' Jeering and hooting at the passing cavalcade, they would wedge in the shouts, with no only a French rabble can give voice. Here and there at every vehicle except those arranged exclusively by ladies. All the regiss of the day were served up in not the most delicate or agreeable terms by the inexhaustible wits of the people. A man on a horse mounted the steps of the carriage containing the Generals and Aid-de-camps of the King, saying, 'I beg your pardon gentlemen, I have run hence any news of your friend, M Guizin, the Minister for Ambi-tenance, that immense number of cards!' In the carriages of the princes they shouted out, 'Do you know General Aubrey?' 'Have you left Paris in Vincennes, too!' Are any Greeks there at all?' 'Are any Russians?' At last the police came up and quelled the riot."

Has not that a taste of the French Revolution about it? It seems so to us—but we have one more anecdote, which reads as if it might have actually occurred in those days, when popular humor so often blended grotesquely and hideously with popular resentment.

In a carriage returning from the fete was a lady who was reputed to have reciprocated favors with royal gallantry, she had stopped the carriage, the lady was made to alight, and was compelled to go the rounds of her carpet, each something a kiss, and was then suffered to re-enter her carriage, overcome by blight and disgust, amid derisive shouts and cries of hostility against princes.

Such outrages as these, seem to us to betoken no common discontent, but the existence of a deep and settled hatred to the present rulers of France. That the people are ripe for revolt, we think hardly likely. Let Louis Napoleon once have proven that the government of France is not to be easily carried, whatever may be the wishes of the people, and the latter will soon submit to the former, for the time being, at least. But the people are ripe for a change, and that all these symptoms are brought up for their consideration and again, because it is of great import to the whole civilized world, that the people should be ripe for change, whenever or by whatever means the change may be effected. Despotism, except when supported by the consent of the governed, is necessarily contrary to the laws of God, and consequently of right and justice.

One curious fact, in connection with this subject, has recently been made public—the great conspiracy which was discovered in the army of Italy, which can hardly believe it, but it is asserted in the Paris papers, that the cost of the present government, is more than that of the whole civil list. However, if this be the fact, it is not calculated to allay the national discontent.

But the "citizen King" is as well prepared as he can be, in a struggle with his subjects. He has, what the Revolution had not, a standing army, and that disciplined, and devoted to him. He has not depended on French soldiers, whose fathers and brothers, age, and whose mothers will be among the armed, assailing populations. He has to depend upon men whose sympathies will be with the people in any general outbreak; and without soldiers, his cannon and forts are no more than food iron and stone.

But it may be, that such a contest between King and people, will never again arise. It may be that the great experiment which we have alluded to, are the mere outbreaks of a transient and local discontent—and deserve not the importance we have attached to them. But, taken in connection with the views expressed so frequently in letters from abroad, and with the opinion of Dr. Reid, which we have alluded to, they seemed so strange and startling, as to force themselves upon our consideration.

THE OLD TRUTH.

Perhaps no proverb of Solomon's is more frequently quoted, than that which declares that "there is nothing new under the sun." For ourselves, we are continually reminded of it by the reappearance of old questions and of quarrels, which in former ages have convulsed the world. Thus the doctrines of Free Will, Predestination, the Cause and Nature of Evil, are brought up under names that different aspects of each, but are essentially the same. These questions have been discussed from the earliest ages, yes, the earliest period which are argued and re-argued by the young men of our day in the debating schools, were argued by the adepts in philosophy in their halls.

The same arguments were given on one side and the other, and the same general conclusions were arrived at.

There is one fact too often forgotten, in relation to the prevailing opinions of the Christian world in every age, and that is, that the most settled these opinions became the prevailing opinions, they had to pass through an ordeal as of fire. There is no truth which has not been subjected to the severest scrutiny at the present time whether of Free Agency, the accountability of man, or the natural taint of evil in his moral constitution, which has not been discussed before its adoption, by as subtle and powerful intellects as the world ever saw. The present general belief in these things is not because it is old and accepted, because they were victorious in the great contest of reason.

But every new generation of mankind, evinces a disposition to unsettle the old decisions, if it can. Like the boy whose parents are dead, and who will not be satisfied with what they had seen the folly of it, "it also wishes" to see the folly of it, too." And so the oldest and most powerful intellects are brought up under every generation, and their decisions are reversed, or

United States SATURDAY POST.

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The Essayist.

DISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH.

The real and personal property of Great Britain is estimated to be worth about $15,000,000,000 and the income of the annual product of the capital to be about $3,500 000,000.

The value of the real and personal property in the United States has been estimated as low as $6,000,000,000, and as high as $12,000,000,000, and the value of the annual produce of land and labor, from $1,500,000,000 to $3,000,000,000.

If the property of Great Britain was about equally possessed by each head of a family, supposing a family to consist of five persons, the share of each would be near $6,000, and the annual income of each family would be about $500. If the wealth of Great Britain was distributed to the mass of the population, there would be something like $1,200 for each man, woman, and child.

It will be seen from this simple statement of enormous wealth, that there is enough for all, if it were just law of distribution should prevail. Though a large proportion of the people have no homes of their own, yet those who have found labor have been sufficiently numerous, and their labor sufficiently productive, to have procured the comforts and luxuries of wealth we have spoken of.

It is supposed there are about ten thousand persons in Great Britain, the aggregate value of whose wealth constitutes about nine tenths of the entire national wealth, leaving one tenth to be shared by the rest. The national debt of Great Britain is near $5,000,000,000; yet these are, it is supposed, some of the most prominent instruments by which aggregated wealth would suffice to pay the whole of the enormous amount—which is about one-fifth of the value of the entire wealth of the country. The great body of the people who have produced all, own not a dollar's worth of property.

The chief cause of the destitution, misery, and suffering in Great Britain and Ireland, is the great inequality in the ownership of property. The annual income of the nation, if equally distributed, would be about $500 to each person, the capital of Great Britain being worth the largest, the people there would divide a fabulous amount, and be fabulously rich.

The great cause, then, of the comparative happiness of our people, when contrasted with those of Great Britain, is the more equal distribution among the annual value of the nation's labor. We have not more to divide, nor so large a capital to work with in proportion to our population, but our population, and have no idle mass of the enjoyments of the wealth among the most of the people. The concentration of capital in Great Britain is of course the chief cause of the inequality we have spoken of. The nation, therefore, that divides with the least annual income, is sending a part of her surplus to feed the starving of the more wealthy nations.

Some of the deepest thinkers are of the opinion that we are gradually, though certainly, approximating to the same state of things as exists and exists in Great Britain. As our capital increases, it is supposed it will concentrate more and more, and as it becomes more concentrated, it must, of course, be greater inequality in the distribution of the annual proceeds. This opinion is demonstrated by contrasting the present state of things with that of the people in large cities, with that of the mass in the country. There is much more suffering and destitution in the cities than in any section of the country. There is much more suffering and destitution in the cities than in any section of the country. There is much more suffering and destitution in the cities than in any section of the country. There is much more suffering and destitution in the cities than in any section of the country.

We would like to pursue this subject either on some future occasion—*Louisville Mail etc.*

Miscellaneous.

AUTHORS AND NEWSPAPER WRITERS.

A recent writer in the Edinburgh Review gives us some very curious facts about authors and literary men, which the world will probably be sorry that a tribe have seen to improve upon. "Dickens," he says, "paints it is well known: from actual life, and hence the remarkable individuality which characterizes all his portraits." "I have been told," says a lady, "that on one occasion he wrote a paper rap and tap upon and sold paper and pencil to a friend, the whole work at the 'Elephant and Castle' pot-house, in study at his leisure the characteristics of the individuals and scenes that he has described. The source, that Grant, the author of the 'Great Metropolis,' made himself a martyr to the midnight oil, having rented rooms in the immediate houses of London for the purpose of testing the respective merits of each, and that it is said in consequence of his prodigal indulgence of the beverage that he cannot now abide the sight of it. D'Israeli, the younger, particularly delights in dandyism, by," was in the daily habit of visiting the portraits of Holywell street stand—the locale of such as make merchandise of 'old clo'.' He would sometimes take with him a dingy coat or worn out vest, or seedy pair of pants, as an excuse for courting a colloquy with some of the venerable Israelites of the arcbs of that vicinity, and this device much rewarded for the study required.

The writer, however, admits that there are instances of precisely the opposite character, proving a preference of the ideal over the real.

For our part we say that we have known numerous instances of this, and in the persons of some of our most distinguished writers. We happen to know a man most remarkable for his habits, in this city, gifted with a brilliant imagination, who has written descriptions of scenes and places which he never saw, and which, in South America, while sensing his light cigar in his soup pantier a man has written—age, and pointed out the scenes before and about him. London and Vienna, in the goodly city of Boston.—*From the Boston Mercantile Journal.*

COUNTRY CONCERT.

The Baton Times attended recently a concert in the country, which seems to have far surpassed the Italian troupe. It says:—"A dual between Signor Bobbiegali, the *basso profundo*, was exceedingly fine. The thrills of the former in the passage (sacrifice, Bobbiegali) were very touching, and the tuning long bench of the latter inimitable. Signor Ozone gave us a fine solo. Signorina Chipper was an excellent vocalist, and her quality of tuning was deservedly applauded. The *bufo*, Signor Eathard, made a great deal of sport, and his imitations of the rest of the troupe were very happy. Signor Ice seemed to be troubled with a hoarseness—indicative of illness. In fact we should not be surprised if he hopped like a frog. The rest of the troupe acquitted themselves well. We hope they will make a good thing of it, and be able to leather their seats well. They always present excellent bills. Signor Pigeon was indisposed on the occasion above referred to—his habits are so well known as to have given rise to a proverb, and we presume his absence must be attributed to a touch of his old complaint."

ROADS AND ROAD MAKING

Professor Gillespie says, in his book on Roads:—"A straight road over an uneven and hilly country may, at first view, when merely set upon the map, be pronounced to be a bad road; for the straightness must have been obtained either by submitting to steep slopes in ascending the hills, and descending into the valleys, or these natural obstacles must have been avoided by an incurring a great and unnecessary expense in making deep cuttings and fillings.

"A good road should wind around these hills instead of running over them, and this it may often do without at all increasing its length. For if a horseshoe curve as half a bullet be placed so as to rest upon its plane base, the halves of great circles which just two opposite points on the base will be equal, whether they put horizontally or vertically. Or let an egg be laid upon a table, and it will be seen that if a level line be traced upon it from one end to the other, it will be no longer than the line turned between the same points, but passing over the top. Precisely so may the carrying road around a hill be often no longer than the straight one over it; for the latter road is straight only with reference to the vertical plane in which passes through it, and is curved with reference to a horizontal plane, while the former level road, though curved as to the vertical plane, is straight as to the horizontal one. Both lines the curve, as we call the latter one straight in preference only because its vertical curvature is less apparent to our eye.

"The difference in length between a straight road and one which is slightly curved is very small. If a road between two places, ten miles apart, were made to curve so that the eye could no where see further than a quarter of a mile of it at once, its length would exceed that of a perfectly straight road between the same points by only about one hundred and fifty yards.

"But even if the level and curved road were very much longer than the straight and steep one, it would almost always be better to adopt the former; for in the latter road the velocity of a load will be full load, while on the other he could carry only part of his load up the hill, and must diminish his speed in descending it. As a general rule, the horizontal length of a road may be advantageously increased, in order to save a part of how twenty times the perpendicular height which is to be thus saved; that is, to escape a hill a hundred feet, it would be proper for the road to run a distance which its velocity would increase its length two thousand feet. The mathematical axiom that 'a straight line is the shortest distance between two points,' is thus seen to be an unsafe guide in road making, and less appropriate than the paradoxical proverb, that the longest way around is the shortest way home."

"The gently curving road, besides its substantial advantages, is also much more pleasant to the traveller upon it; for he is not liable to the fatigue and depression of a long straight stretch of road to be traversed, and is met at each curve by a constantly varied view."

HOUSEHOLD HAPPINESS.

The following remarks by Harriet Martineau, should be read by every mother. We do not allude so particularly to the first part of the article, however, as to the change of treatment to which one period child is often subjected at the birth of another:

"I believe it happens oftener than anybody knows that the first conjugal discontents follow on the birth of the first child. The young mother trusts too much to her husband's interest in her new treasure being equal to her own—a thing which the constitution of man's nature and the arrangements of his business render impossible. He will love his infant dearly, and sacrifice much for it, if he remains at his right, his wife's first object. But if the neglect at the moment to indulge in fondling her infant, she is doing wrong to both. If her husband no longer finds, on his return from his business, a clean and pretty bonnet and a wife eager to welcome him, but a litter of baby things, and a wife too busy upon one of some down, or too much engaged with her infant to talk with him and hear his news, there is the beginning of a mischief done which never can be repaired. And it is the fault of the wife, and of her sole power to be no less carefully conscious of the next youngest. I was early struck by hearing the mother of a large family say that the child always the youngest but one; it was so hard to cease to be the baby! Little children are as jealous of their rank in the house as grandees at court; and they are too young to have learned to control their pangs and to be reasonable. A more miserable thing can hardly exist than a little creature who, having been accustomed to the tenderness always lavished on the baby—having spent almost its whole life in its mother's arms, and been the first to be greeted on its father's entrance, finds itself laid to sit on its little stool, or turned over to the maid, or to play by itself, while the baby is fed, or dressed, or while every body gathers round the baby to admire and love it. Angry and jealous feelings may grow into habits of dislike which no after love can ever cure, and which will not have the least effect to smooth over the rough passage from babyhood to childhood. If the mother would see how child treats the baby, she would have peace and not temporal reign in the little heart, she will be very watchful. She will have her eye on the little creature, and call it to help her to take care of the baby. She will keep it at her knee, and send it with many a loving word to carry how to make baby smile, how to warm baby's feet, will let it taste whether baby's food be nice, and will put into the cradle to see how soft baby's pillow is. And when baby is asleep, the mother will open her arms to the little helper, and fondle it as it will, and let it be all in all to her as much as baby. This is a great piece of education to them both, and a lesson of justice to all who stand by."

CAPTAIN TYLER NOT HEADED YET.

A Virginia paper tells a good story of Ex Pres. Tyler, which shows that he is not the man to be headed as easily as some imagine.

The Judges of the County Court, last spring, appointed Tyler Commissioner of Roads, and he refused to discharge a very annoying duty, or subjecting him to the fine prescribed by law for a failure to discharge the public business imposed on him. In view of neglecting that business, the Judges met upon it with great vigor, and called on the judges and others to turn out and work on the road, as required by law. Tyler was present when the Judges began their working, on it for two months. They worked in the hot sun, and he looked on from his chair. They then petitioned him to resign, but he declined it. He was then fulfilled to get the Judges before the Legislature to abolish authority when compelled to act himself. Finally, they said that unless he failed to have the road put in good condition, they would indict him. This he did not like to do, but he preferred to be above any such humiliation. He then called the Judges together, and they were then headed at their own game, as their short crops have since proved.

THE FEMALE FOREHEAD.

There are fashions in beauty as well as in dress. In some parts of Africa an ugly ras is charming under twenty sense.

"King Chiba put nine Queens to death;
Caroline on Sunday, four, Jane Seven."

In Shakspeare's time it was the fashion to have high foreheads, probably out of compliment to Queen Elizabeth. They were thought equally beautiful and indicative of wisdom; and if the portraits of the great men of that day are to be trusted, wisdom and high foreheads were certainly often found together. At last years, phrenologists have taken for the wisdom of straight and compact foreheads rather than high ones. We must own we have not yet fully appreciated the new idea. It is not allowed, at the same time, that a very retreating forehead is apt to be no accompaniment of wit. With regard to high ones, they are often confounded with foreheads merely bald; and baldness, whether natural or otherwise, is never handsome, though in men it sometimes takes a character of simplicity and firmness. According to the Greeks, who are reckoned to have been the greatest judges of beauty, the high forehead and the straight nose form the perfection of the human face. A forehead, says Junius, in his Treatise on Ancient Art, "should be smooth, even, delicate, delicate sheet, and of an open and cheerful character." The Latin is briefer. Aristotle has expressed it in two words, perhaps in one.

"Terse ivory was her forehead gled."

A large, bare forehead gives a woman a masculine and forbidding look. The word effeminate comes from it. The hair should be brought over such a forehead so vines are trailed over a wall.—*Leigh Hunt's Journal and Bentley.*

ANECDOTE OF GEN TAYLOR.—The New Orleans National says that a little while before the battle of Buena Vista, a party of twenty arkiers were passing near, direct from Saltillo, met Gen. Taylor near his camp at Walnut Grove.

"Where are you from?" inquired the "good old man" of the foremost of the youngsters.

"Just from Saltillo, General," was the reply, in a voice such as a lawyer assumes when speaking to a beloved parent.

"Well, well," said the General, looking at the party with solicitude, "you had better be careful, for I hear the rest yonnsters are on the road in such small force you will get cut off some time; very imprudent to do so."

That evening *Gen. Taylor and staff, seven persons, all told, started for Saltillo.*

Items of News.

THE ROAD WAY.—The citizens of Beaver, Pa., held a public meeting on the 20th inst., and resolutions were taken to ensure a survey from Beaver to Massillon. A committee of twenty-eight persons was appointed to secure subscriptions to pay the expenses of a survey, and a committee of ninety members was also appointed. A second meeting will be held at the Court House on the 20th of August, for the purpose of receiving reports. The Beaver and Salem people are acting harmoniously together in their efforts to prosecute this great work of making a Western road.

HOME INDUSTRY.—Starting down east to begin to compete with whaling in the Pacific. The Portland Transcript says:—Several boats are now engaged at Quoddi and Shinnecost, in taking shark. Four men took, in two days, last week 1,000 shark, from which there was nearly a gallon of oil, worth forty five cents a gallon. The carcasses sell for nine dollars a hundred for manure. All who are now engaged in the business, find it very profitable.

WHICH IS WHICH?—The London Illustrated News announces the arrival at Falmouth, of the Packet Ship Isaac Bell, from the City of Baltimore, lately that vessel called the veritable "Keying" At Manchester, Jenny Lind has demanded only $1,000 for three nights; and in London the *au due* has received $4,000 for two nights in Edinburgh.

Prof John Wilson, the "Kit North" of Blackwood's Magazine, has been appointed professor, which is entirely warmed by negroes, mostly girls. It has a thousand spindles, and makes five thousand yards of cloth per week. The factory has been in operation about a year, and so far has met the most sanguine expectations of its proprietors.

THE NEW COURT.—The new comet, discovered by Mr. Hind, on the evening of the 15th inst., is said to be seen with moderate telescopic power. It lies in the North, near the Pole Star, a little above and to the right of it. The comet does not have the tail, it would have peace and not temporal reign in the little heart, she will be very watchful. She will have her eye on the little creature, and call it to help her to take care of the baby. She will keep it at her knee, and send it with many a loving word to carry how to make baby smile, how to warm baby's feet will let it taste whether baby's food be nice, and will put into the cradle to see how soft baby's pillow is. And when baby is asleep, the mother will open her arms to the little helper, and fondle it as it will, and let it be all in all to her as much as baby. This is a great piece of education to them both, and a lesson of justice to all who stand by."

ENGLISH ANECDOTE.—Lord Colambus, Ohio, recently, a man, named Peters, was sentenced to two years in the Penitentiary, and another, named Wilson, to seven years for kidnapping.

The World Abroad

FOREIGN ITEMS.

The *Gazette de France* says that the serfs on the properties of the government of Witepsk, in Russia, have revolted and pillaged the chateaux of their masters. The latter sought safety in flight.

At the Central Criminal Court on Saturday, a witness described himself as a "penman;" he, on being asked, in what capacity he was employed, replied that he "penned" sheep in Smithfield market.

The correctional tribunal of Narbonne has just condemned the Abbe Barre, of Bejan, to eight months' imprisonment, and 3000 fine, for immoral conduct. The unfortunate priest was married and seduced by him is affirmed (says one of the journals) at forty.

A certain doctor in Marseilles is at present furnishing amusement to the whole town. It appears that, being a firm believer in clairvoyance, he, by means of animal magnetic patients, that there was considerable treasure buried in certain parts of a church. After digging and going to great expense for several days, and finding anything, his workmen rose him for their pay, and the whole ridiculous story was made public.

Lieut. Munro, who killed Lieut. Colonel Fawcett in a duel, some time ago, at Castle Town, and who absconded to Dresden, has returned, and on Tuesday surrendered at Marylebone, and was committed to Newgate for trial.

In a trial lately Sergeant Wilson explained the meaning of the word *trover*. "One of these gentlemen who rub their hands, and ask the latter if they want anything else."

A number of Mennonites, or Latter Day Saints, have been purchasing in the state of Illinois, Carnarvon during the past week. They have made application to the Mayor for permission to use the Lancastrian school-room on Sundays which was refused.

A swallow of pure white color has been caught in Bartlewhite.

An epidemic has raged severe where, and has been greatly strengthened by the occurrence at last week, that a coalition has been formed between Lord John Russell and Sir Robert Peel, which he declares is not to be speedily and generally declared until after the election.

It has been observed that in the ruins of Nineveh, which Mr Layard is now superintending, are frequently used; although, the antiquarians and architects had hitherto supposed that the arch was unknown to the ancients, for several hundred years after the building of Nineveh were probably erected.

The late liberator's son Daniel, has signified his intention of retiring into private life from the representation of Dunkirk.

The Prince Metternich has pulled down some placards in the form of a notice to workmen, running thus:—Wanted, some hands out of work, to sweep a Court and Crown Chambers."

Believe the novelist, has made another conscientious effort to be a candidate for a seat in Parliament for London. Several Whigs, Author of "Pelham" Toucsend a Year, (son of Dr. Warren, a Methodist preacher,) will probably represent Finsbury.

At Manchester, Jenny Lind has demanded only $1,000 for three nights; and in London the *au due* has received $4,000 for two nights in Edinburgh.

Prof John Wilson, the "Kit North" of Blackwood's Magazine, has been appointed professor, which is entirely warmed by negroes, mostly girls. It has a thousand spindles, and makes five thousand yards of cloth per week. The factory has been in operation about a year, and so far has met the most sanguine expectations of its proprietors.

The Countess of Mornington has advertised in the London papers for assistance to prevent her from going to the workhouse.

The Countess of Leen Loop has been condemned to two years' imprisonment for having carried his congregation to acts of violence against some Protestant clergymen.

In London and Paris, the fashionable ladies have returned to the old style of tall peaves.

The London correspondent of the Liverpool Albion, says that the Queen is in a state of great excitement. Some days since, the Countess of Essex, formerly Fanny Stephens, threw a casket of diamonds at the feet of Madame Grisi, friend of the Queen's and a favorite amongst all the actresses by their admiration.

Count Count John Fantini, has surrendered himself in London, on his own recognizance, for having murdered Henry Willis jun, an attorney, about two years ago.

Casualties.

EFFECTS OF LIGHTNING.

On Tuesday, the 27th ultimo, the family of Mr. George Christman, of Cirencehill Township, Monroe county, Pa., were sitting in the front room, when the lightning struck the house, and shattered it to pieces. Mrs. Christman, who had been previously long suffering from rheumatism, was the principal sufferer. She was thrown by the severe operation the lightning. The house was not at all injured.

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Political Intelligence

THE ELECTIONS.

KENTUCKY ELECTION.—Kentucky seems to be going Whig as usual The Whig journals allege that there will not be more than one Democrat in the next Congress. John P Gaines, now a prisoner in Mexico, has been elected over his Democratic opponent, Judge Pope, by 1,000 majority. Delegates in the last House of Representatives stood seven Whigs and three Democrats.

INDIANA.—The most reliable returns we have seen, state the election at five Democrats and two Whigs as certain One account states that the Whigs have gained largely and consequently in the Legislature The famous Democrats in the last Congress, stood eight Democrats and two Whigs.

NORTH CAROLINA.—Daniel, Democrat, is re elected in the Seventh District. Outlaw, Whig, is reported to be elected in the North—it so, it is a gain for the Whigs. The Delegation in the last House stood six Democrats and three Whigs.

VIRGINIA.—Meade (Democrat) has been elected to Congress in the Petersburg District, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of the late Mr Donnegade

Clippings.

☞ It has been found by experiment, that sensitive plants are so susceptible of the influence of other as sensitive plants, by the injection to the vapor of a small quantity of ether they lose their irritability, which they do not recover for some time.

☞ A white swan, perfectly milk-white, and of regular old fellow, was caught in the mouse at Shelley lately arrived, when on the Of Shore Ground The coldest American does not remember ever seeing a white whale.

☞ James Bolter, convicted of murder, was hung at Columbus, Georgia, on the 30th ultimo He protested to the last, against having all knowledge of the crime for which he suffered.

☞ A Yankee plough was once introduced in to Mexico, but an inquisition was held over it by the priests and the wood was condemned to be burnt, and the iron to be thrown into the river.

☞ Mr Abbott Lawrence as Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Colonge Convention, has called a meeting at the Astor House, New York, September 15th.

☞ Mrs Fremont does not accompany Lieut. Kit Carden in her travels in the West. She stopped short at Kansas, Missouri, where she will await her husband's return.

☞ It is suggested that if the Duke of Wellington really carries off Miss Burnet Coutts, his title must henceforth be "the golden," not "the iron Duke"

☞ John Davis, who died in England in 1748, left the sum of five shillings to his widow, to enable her to get drunk at his expense for the last time.

☞ The New York and Erie Railroad is progressing finely, and its completion to Binghampton Broome county, is confidently looked for in the fall of 1848.

☞ Seven trees were struck with lightning during a single thunder storm at Alton, Illinois. A gentleman sat each of the seven bolts from his window.

☞ Punch says:—Of all kindnesses it must be confessed that lending books is the one which parts with the least return! Punch begets volumes!

☞ Professor Morse has purchased a few farm on the banks of the Hudson for $17,500. This looks like telegraphing to some purpose.

☞ Those that are of opinion that money will do everything, may be reasonably suspected to do everything for money.

☞ The Washington Union says that not one cent of the three million dollars has been drawn from the Treasury.

☞ The Smithsonian Institute building, at Washington, is up to the top of the basement story.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, August 7, 1847

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The arrivals of Flour since Fri ay have exhibited very little animation in the stock, by the limited receipts of light order have caused prices to remain firm at $ per bbl for fresh ground Pennsylvania, and $ 7@8 $ for Western. We can't value to day's transactions in Rye Flour, but sales of the Pennsylvanian to be ground within ten days, at $6. Corn Meal is dull at $4 per bbl for Penna., and $ 3 for Western, including a lot of Southern at the latter rate, and some Brandywine at $4 per bbl.

GRAIN.—The receipts of Wheat have been light, but with a fair demand and prices have been sustained Sales of 2000 bushels Pennsylvania early in the week at $1.30@1.36 and 1.38; and since the 6th inst to last at $1.35@1.38 for fair to prime Pennsylvania, and $ 1.30 for Western, including a lot of Southern at the latter rate, and some Maryland at $1.38@1.40 per bushel. Rye is in good demand at 80@82c for Pennsylvania, and 78@80c for Western. Corn is dull and prices have declined 1@2c per bushel. Sales of 4000 bushels Pennsylvania early in the week, and some Southern at 72c. Subsequently, prices grew way, and some of the latter were sold at 70c, and 2000 bushels Pennsylvania sold at 68c. Oats have come in more freely, and prices have declined 2@3c per bushel. Sales of 3000 bushels Pennsylvania were sold at 38@39c, and some Southern at 36@37c per bushel.

SEEDS.—Cloverseed is in demand at $4@4.25 per bushel. Sales of 60 bushels Timothy at $2.25, and 100 do out Penna at $2.50 per bushel.

WHISKEY.—Sales of 100 bbls Ohio at 23c, and 50 bbls Penna at 24c.

S. Beatty	8 01	J. Anderson	8 00
Wm. Sommers	2 00	Dr. A. Lee	8 00
H. Harris	2 00	Miss M. E. D. Young	5 0
H. Hartley	2 00	Mrs. L. C. Bowers	2 00
A. H. Lambert	2 00	Mrs. S. Harper	10
Mrs. Mary Ann Whitney	2 00	Mrs. M. Hall	2 00
J. Wilson	2 00	J. Wallace	2 00
J. N. Lowrie	4 00	L. T. Turner	2 00
J. Wilson	2 00	J. Walker	2 00
J. A. Little & Co.	10 00	R. D. Farnes	2 00
Mrs. Hamilton	2 00		
Enoch Callender	4 00	H. D. Pratt	2 00
I. Hoffer	2 00	Miss M. S. Jordan	2 00
J. Hoffer	2 00	Miss Mary Jordan	2 00
S. Willard	2 00	Mrs. W. Wemell	5 00
Mrs. Hamilton	2 00	Mrs. Mary Ann Hall	2 00
S. B. Isett	2 00	W. M. Linn	2 00
Mrs. Mary Ann Hall	2 00	Mrs. M. Linn	2 00
A. B. Reed	10 00	C. Linn	2 00
Mrs. N. C. Kerr	2 00		

August 4.

S. W. Mason	2 00	Mrs. L. C. Dean	2 00
A. S. Packer	2 00	A. K. Wagner	2 00
J. Hamilton	2 00	Mrs. M. A. Wagner	2 00
E. Hoe	2 00	Mrs. A. L. Phelps	2 00
Mrs. Shepherd	2 00	Mrs. M. Hamilton	2 00
Rachel C. Rudell	2 00	C. S. Mifflin	2 00
Mrs. Hamilton	2 00	Mrs. M. Hamilton	2 00
J. Hampton	2 00	S. P. D. Fell	2 00
J. Hampton	2 00	S. P. D. Fell	2 00
H. Hagey	2 00	Mrs. M. Hagey	2 00

August 5

J. Z. Jones	2 00	G. Wagner	2 00
Nobody & Co.	2 00	Mrs. R. A. Wyley	2 00
Mrs. Hamilton	2 00	Mrs. M. Hamilton	2 00
S. P. Shaw	2 00	Mrs. M. Hamilton	2 00
S. P. Shaw	2 00	T. Little Jones	2 00
J. Hopwood	2 00	W. B. Kain	2 00
Mrs. Hamilton	2 00	Mrs. M. Hagey	2 00
W. Phillips	2 00	D. W. Downes	2 00
W. Arthur	2 00	Mrs. L. Miller	2 00
Mrs. A. B. Glover	2 00		

August 6

P. Lockyer	2 00	J. Fry	11 7
Mrs. M. Parris	2 00	Mrs. J. Fry	2 00
G. Ott	2 00	J. Barry	2 00
Mrs. A. Ann	2 00	Mrs. E. Ring	2 00
Mrs. J. M. Thomas	2 00	J. W. Hartley	5 00
J. Ott	2 00	Mrs. M. Hamilton	2 00
A. M. Waterman	1 50	W. Hamer	2 00
Mrs. M. Hamilton	2 00	Mrs. M. A. Kelley	2 00
J. D. Barling	2 00	J. D. Barling	2 00
Mrs. M. Hamilton	2 00	P. Lemley	2 00

August 7

J. Dupont	2 00	Mrs. L. C. Taylor	2 00
Mrs. E. C. Seymour	15 00	Mrs. M. Hamilton	2 00
Mrs. M. Hamilton	2 00	Mrs. M. Hamilton	2 00
Mrs. M. Hamilton	2 00	Mrs. M. Hamilton	2 00
Mrs. M. Hamilton & Co.	2 00	F. C. Pearson	2 00
Mrs. M. Hamilton	2 00	Mrs. M. Hamilton	2 00
Mrs. N. M. Wells	1 50	S. P. Johnson	2 00
Mrs. M. Hamilton	2 00	Mrs. M. Hamilton	2 00
T. K. Lisle	2 00	H. D. Fitch	2 00
Mrs. Mary Lloyd	2 00	Mrs. M. Hamilton	2 00

BOWEL COMPLAINTS, COLICS, &c. Positively cured by JAYNE'S CARMINATIVE BALSAM.

CHICAGO, ILL., March 27, 1847.

Dr. D. Jayne—Dear Sir: I have had one of your Carminative Balsam in my family for the last year, and have found it a safe, speedy and effectual remedy for fever sickness, and to relieve us speedily and perfect relief in the most distressing cases of Bowel Complaints, Colics, &c. I have used it in my own family, and have recommended it to my friends, and have never known it to fail in a single instance. I have also used it in my own family, and have recommended it to my friends, and have never known it to fail in a single instance. I have also used it in my own family, and have recommended it to my friends, and have never known it to fail in a single instance. I have also used it in my own family, and have recommended it to my friends, and have never known it to fail in a single instance. I have also used it in my own family, and have recommended it to my friends, and have never known it to fail in a single instance. I have also used it in my own family, and have recommended it to my friends, and have never known it to fail in a single instance.

Yours, &c. JOHN MCDONALD & CO.

Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, 2 Cedar street, New York.

☞ Sold at our Agencies in Baltimore for five dollars

THE PATENT BLOCK-SPRING TRUSS.

A new surgical instrument for the radical cure of Rupture.

MANUFACTURED AND SOLD BY THE PATENTEE.

Recently invented Truss it seems is destined to supersede all others now in use. Its peculiar principle and operation, visible and adequate power to retain the rupture in all cases, however large the opening, and however great the severity or pain of expulsive efforts, and that without the use of pads, or any uncomfortable pressure whatever, and that in all positions of the body, and under all circumstances.—Extract from a letter to the Patentee.

☞ All the varieties of the Truss are kept constantly on hand, at the office of Dr. A. W. PATTERSON, No. 86 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, where all orders must be addressed, post paid.

☞ ☞ ☞ Letters of inquiry must contain a remittance for circular and information, or no attention will be paid to them.

CARRIAGES! CARRIAGES! At the CHEAP CARRIAGE DEPOSITORY, No. 280 CHESNUT ST. NUT Street—WILLIAM DOLLE, COACH MAKER, late of the firm of Dolle & Brother, respectfully announces his friends and former patrons, that he has opened at the above Factory, No. 280 CHESNUT Street, North Side, where he is prepared to exhibit a large and well selected assortment of elegant and durable Carriages, on hand or made to order at the shortest notice, and on REASONABLE TERMS.

N. B.—Particular attention paid to REPAIRS, &c.

THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST may be obtained, weekly, at BELDING & CO'S Periodical Depot, No. 3 STATE STREET, BOSTON. W. A. GILLIAM, Tribune Office, NEW YORK. H. MATTES'S Periodical Depot, 3 Ann street, New York.

SPIRITS.—Brandy sells slowly at former rates—Gin is worth $1.17@1.20 Bl. R. Rum is dull at 20c. Whisky—Sales 200 bbls Western, sold early in the week, at 23c, and since small sales at 23@24c.

SUGARS.—The demand has only been moderate, and we have to note the sales of 150 hhds Porto R. at 6¼ of 7½; 1000 hhds and bags Brazil, to arrive, at a price not given, and 500 boxes Havana Brown at 6¼@7c, all on the usual credit.

TALLOW.—Until of sales at 6½@6¾c.

TEAS.—Only a moderate business has been doing this week, at usual rates.

TOBACCO.—A moderate demand has existed this week, and about 150 hhds Kentucky have changed hands at 4½@5½c.

WOOL.—The supplies from the interior are on the increase and with a fair demand Prices are well sustained. Sales of 100,000 lbs Saxony Fleece, at 40@42½c; Pulled Extra at 38@40c; No 1 at 35@37½c; and common to prime Native at 30@37½c.

FREIGHTS.—We continue to quote the rates to Liverpool at 5d per ton for Flour, and 11s 6d per barrel for Cotton. Of Bark and Timber there is but little going forward.

COAL FREIGHTS.—Vessels are now chartered for Boston and Salem. $4.12½ to Portsmouth; $1.75 to Providence, and the same to Troy and Albany; $1.75 to New London, and $1.12½ to New York.—*Bank Reporter.*

SALES OF STOCKS.

1100 shares Reading R. R.	17¼		
100 do. Girard Bank	17		
100 do. Commercial Bank	10		
25 do. Allegheny Co.	10		
25 do. Exchange Bank, Pittsburg	10		
10 do. Mas. & Mec. Bank,	10		
100 do. Penna. R. R.	25		
$1000 Penna. 6's, 1867, 85.			
$1000 do. 1867, 85.			
$1000 do. 1867, 85.			
$1000 Pennsylvania 6's,	85		
$1000 Penna. 6's,	85		
$5,000 Reading 6's, 1850,	97½		
$1,000 City 6's, 1851,	104		

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia, August 9.—The offerings for the present Beef Cattle market were 1,125 head, of which 1,000 were sold on Thursday, and 300 to day Beeves—A few extra at $7@7.50 per 100 lbs Cows and Calves—Selling prices were fair. $7 to 14 for Lots; Extra $15 to 16 Sheep—Sales of 2,000 at $3@4.50 per head Hogs—Sales of 1,000 at $7@7.50 per 100 lbs for corn-fed—Sales of 200 at $6.50 per 100 lbs for Grass-fed.

Baltimore, Aug. 7.—There were 100 head of Beeves sold at market, all of which were taken at $6@7 per cwt. rate, viz.—40 20cd per 200 pounds on the one hand, and 60 head averaging 17 37½ pounds.

Cincinnati, Aug. 5.—Receipts from the country, since Monday, 1,000; say 40 cars. Sales to-day, 800 Sheep—$1.50@2.50 Hogs—Low 50 lbs?

Louisville, Aug. 7.—Receipts to August 7

Owing to the prevalence of a severe rain storm, which set in about noon, and continued on the day succeeding, things were thinly attended and transactions in Cattle were few. Sales of one lot of 100 head at $4.50 in the yard—Four were sold at $5.25 per head. Sales of Sheep at $2@2.50 per head. A small lot of 36 Calves, of very good color, was made at $7.50 per head, and of Cattle on the hoof, 100 head were sold at 3½ per lb. A couple of hundred Ohio red were made at $1 50; and a few of Red Polls were disposed of and at $2 per head. Hogs were inclined. A transfer is reported of South Carolina at $6.50 per 100 lbs. Sales of Western Hogs at $6.50@7 per 100 lbs. Sales of Western Hogs at $6.50@7 per 100 lbs. Sales of Western Hogs at $6.50@7 per 100 lbs. Sales of Western Hogs at $6.50@7 per 100 lbs. Sales of Western Hogs at $6.50@7 per 100 lbs. Sales of Western Hogs at $6.50@7 per 100 lbs. Sales of Western Hogs at $6.50@7 per 100 lbs. Sales of Western Hogs at $6.50@7 per 100 lbs. Sales of Western Hogs at $6.50@7 per 100 lbs. Sales of Western Hogs at $6.50@7 per 100 lbs.

Selected Poetry.

THE BEAUTY OF LIBERTY.

When the dance of the shadows
At day-break is done,
And the cheeks of the morning
Are red with the sun;
When he sinks in his glory
At eve from the view,
And calls up the planet
To blaze in the blue:
There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see
More proud than the sight of a nation when free?

When the beautiful bend
Of the bow is above,
Like a collar of light
On the bosom of love;
When the moon in her mildness
Is floating on high,
Like a banner of silver
Hung out in the sky:
There is beauty. But earth has no beauty to see
More proud than the front of a nation when free.

In the depths of the darkness
Unvaried in hue,
When shadows are veiling
The breast of the blue;
When the voice of the tempest
At midnight is still,
And the spirit of solitude
Sits on the hill:
There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see
Like the broad beaming brow of a nation when free?

In the breath of the morning,
When nature's awake,
And calls up the chorus
To chant in the brake;
In the voice of the echo,
Unbound in the woods;
In the warbling of streams,
And the foaming of floods:
There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see
Like the thrice-hallowed sight of a nation that's free?

When the wild driving surge
Is mad on the main,
Like the charge of a column
Of plumes on the plain;
When the thunder is up
From its long cradled sleep,
And the tempest is treading
The path of the deep:
There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see
Like the sun-brilliant brow of a nation when free?

Sound Doctrine.

SPECULATION AND SPECULATORS.

FROM THE NATIONAL ERA.

A correspondent makes an ingenious "plea for speculation and speculators." It is not professedly written for our benefit, but doubtless was suggested by one or two recent articles of ours, denouncing speculation. We agree with our correspondent, that sensible men sometimes blunder egregiously in discussing subjects on which they have bestowed little attention; and that the denunciation directed against speculation and speculators is not always well considered or deserved. But few are disposed to condemn what he terms "legitimate speculation;" and it is hardly fair to repel attacks upon a great abuse, by defending a legitimate business.

"The kind of speculation," says E., "that is ordinarily condemned, consists, 1, in buying an article with a view to hold it for a rise in price; or, 2, in keeping that which is already possessed, with a view to such rise; or, 3, in hastening the sale of that which is possessed, for fear of a fall in price." This is not, in our judgment, the kind of speculation that is ordinarily condemned: at least, it is not that which we have denounced. These operations are essential parts of commerce, they constitute to a great extent the mercantile business, which, under the present organization of society, is a great convenience to both purchasers and consumers. We do not say that a better arrangement for exchange, one that would secure more to the producer, and at the same time cheapen the article exchanged to the consumer, might not be devised in a better social organization; but, certainly in the present state of things, the mercantile class, or a class operating in the several ways above defined, seems absolutely necessary.

Still, it is evident to every reflecting mind, that each one of these operations is liable to great abuse, to such an extent as to inflict injury upon the great mass of the community. It is this abuse which is generally condemned as speculation; and if there be a want of precision in defining the thing condemned, it arises from the very nature of the case. It is one which admits of no precise and infallible rules. There are instances where the evil is so palpable, that every eye can see it; but between this point and the point of departure from legitimate business, there is an infinite variety of abuses, more or less distinct, of greater or less turpitude.

A merchant at a certain season of the year, when trade is dull, buys flour of a farmer. The buyer has more money than he can profitably use, the seller, less. Both are benefitted by the transaction. But, as the market price is below the average, the merchant holds it until he can command a fair price, and then sells it. He has made enough by the operation to cover the original cost, the interest of the money, storage, insurance &c., and a little more. It is a fair business transaction.

The second operation defined by our correspondent may be legitimate in the same way.

But suppose several large merchants unite, purchase far and near all the flour they can store, and hoard it up, so as to produce a factitious rise—suppose, then, that by means best known to themselves they circulate rumors of short crops at home, and exaggerate reports of threatened scarcity abroad—and at last, under the pressure of the panic produced by these rumors, dispose of their merchandise at an exorbitant advance, far above what they have reason to believe would have been the price had the ordinary course of trade been undisturbed—in what position do they stand? They have not made themselves liable in the eye of the law as swindlers, but have they not in fact, obtained money under *false pretences*? And who are the gainers? Not the farmers. In the first instance, they have sold low; subsequently, as prices rise, they, too, smitten with the lust of speculation, begin to hoard; but, not so well informed as the merchant, not so convenient to the first sources of intelligence, there are many chances to one, that a fall may find them groaning under the excess of their produce. But it is the great mass of tradesmen, mechanics, laborers, in fact, the whole class of consumers, who are the principal losers. Their bread has been taxed enormously, for the sake of putting unfair gains into the hands of the speculators.

A pork merchant in Cincinnati, in haste to be rich, guesses that the demand for bacon is about to be great. Embarking all his own means in the business, he is not yet satisfied, but borrows to the amount of $40,000 or $50,000 from the banks. Others do likewise, and the great demand for hogs raises their price. The operation may be successful one season, and emboldens to similar enterprises the next. The returns have enabled the borrower to meet his notes, and his credit is increased. Meantime, the farmers are stimulated, and some begin to speculate on their own account. The only class, so far, which has lost, is, as usual, that of consumers. But disappointment comes. The adventurers are suddenly arrested by a fall in the market. Some are ruined; the banks, which have been refusing favors to small tradesmen or mechanics engaged in legitimate business, sustain a heavy blow, and must take care of number one; the farmers, too late in the operation, are caught with all their stock upon their hands, and the whole community is shaken.

This kind of speculation is common, and even "E." will hardly set up a plea of *defence* in this case.

The river becomes suddenly closed in Cincinnati before the city has its full supply of groceries. Abundance is waiting below for an opening; but the temporary scarcity is used by a few dealers, to hold back their own supplies, so as to produce a factitious rise, and thus oppress the community. This is not a fair business transaction.

Again. There suddenly appears in a neighborhood of farmers a buyer of their produce to any amount. They sell at the market price, as they understand it in their last gazette, but do not know what *he is aware of*, that it has since then gone up fifty cents on the barrel. This may be legitimate; trade may sanction it; but to us it seems little better than cheating.

Or, a merchant in New York has a depot of flour in Buffalo, the prices being regulated by those in New York. Suddenly there is a fall there, and, without delay, by means at his sole disposal, he orders his agent in Buffalo to dispose of his flour at the reigning prices. Is this a legitimate operation? Suppose a merchant in Boston, holding a large amount of the paper of a Bank in Cincinnati, learns, in a private way, that, although in established credit now, in a few days it will be obliged to suspend, and not able to pay more than fifty cents on the dollar. Forthwith he lays it out in the purchase of a lot of cottons from a manufacturer, having full faith in the stability of said Bank. Would this be a fair business transaction? Just as fair as that of the flour merchant in the case supposed.

Again: A millionaire buys of the Government some hundred thousand acres of land, simply for speculation. He cares nothing about improving it punctually, but holds on to it till the surrounding improvements of laborious settlers have doubled its value. What kind of speculation is this? This monopolist, without an effort, has made a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars by the labor of others, and without paying them a copper. This may now be regarded as honorable and right, there being no law to prevent it; but a different estimate will be placed upon such conduct hereafter.

These are but illustrations of what we mean by "speculation;" there are others infinitely various in feature and coloring.

Recently, when the trade in breadstuffs and the necessaries of life began to grow brisk, speculation became rife. There is such a thing as gambling in stocks and lands; why not in grain? Men with no capital would borrow, men having means would augment them by loans from the banks, enter the market, buy and sell, altogether upon a calculation of the news by the next arrival. Sometimes they won, sometimes they lost. But the effect of all this was, a factitious addition to the real rise in the price of grain, produced by the foreign demand. Under such circumstances it is easy to see why "private advices," just a few hours later, should show an increase of price in the foreign market beyond the rate published in the newspapers; and it is just as easy to explain why so many attempts were made to get up a panic about short crops in this country. Certainly there was a vast deal of this kind of business, which, however difficult it may be to draw the exact line between it and legitimate trade, is certainly not one whit better than gambling, either in principle or consequences. It all consists in hazarding heavy stakes upon a mere calculation of chances, and those engaged in it suffer the same feverish excitement, experience the same desperation, become as deaf to the voice of conscience, not seldom are overwhelmed by the same sudden ruin, as if they were professed gamblers. Meantime, all those who have to buy their bread, especially the poor, are sufferers to an incalculable extent from artificial prices.

Our correspondent will perceive that we do not speak without consideration. All our denunciations have been aimed at illegitimate speculation. No general definition can be laid down to embrace all cases. The precise point of its departure from legitimate trade may not be easily detected. There may be a certain range in which it will be impossible to decide positively on the moral character of the transaction. And certainly, no law in the present state of society can effectually reach the crime. But that it exists, that it enters into every department of trade, and from time to time works terrible evil to the country, no one, it seems to us, can deny. There is but one remedy for it; and that is, that every merchant and tradesman shall be constantly fixed in the resolve, to do unto others as they would wish others to do unto them.

Fun and Frolic.

A Temperance Story.—Two young men, "with a humming in their heads," retired late one night to their room in a crowded inn, in which as they enter is revealed two beds; but the wind extinguished the light; they both, instead of taking, as they supposed, a bed apiece, got back-to-back in one, which began to sink under them, and come around at intervals, in a manner very circumambient, but quite impossible of explanation. Presently one observed to the other—

"I say, Tom, somebody's in my bed."

"Is there? so there is in mine. Let's kick him out."

The next remark was, "Tom, I've kicked my man overboard."

"Good!" said his fellow toper, "better luck than I; my man has kicked me out—right on the floor."

Their "relative positions" were not apparent till the next morning.

A Slip of the Tongue.—A short time since, an aged lady who resides in Cambridge, Mass., was relating to a company that had assembled at a "quilting," some reminiscences of her youthful days, and among other stories was one in which she gave an account of the pranks of the college boys when she "was a gal."

Says she, "Oh, them college chaps was orful wild fellows, and they was always cuttin' up their shines; don't you think one night some of 'em got a young gal into their room, and kept her there most all night; towards morning they wanted to let her out, but they daren't let her go down the stairs, cause they was watched, so they put the gal in a basket, and hitched a rope to it, and lowered her down from the third story winder, but don't you think, when the basket got down about half way, the rope broke, and—*I fell out.*"

Turning.—"I understand, Mr. Jones, that you can turn any thing neater than any other man in town."

"Yes, Mr. Smith, I said so."

"Well, Mr. Jones, I don't like to brag, but there is no live man on earth that can turn a thing as well as I can whittle it."

"Pooh, nonsense, Mr. Smith, talk about your whittling; what can you whittle as well as I can turn it?"

"Any thing, every thing, Mr. Jones. Just name the article that I can't whittle that you can turn, and I will give you a V if I don't do it to the satisfaction of all these gentlemen present."

"Well, Mr. Smith, suppose we take two grindstones, just for trial: you may whittle and I will turn."

Advertising.—A grocer in Albany is trying to draw customers by the following lines:

"Upon his heel he turn'd
To take a closer look
At the Java Coffee daily ground,
Bought green of Thomas Crook;
He raised the glittering scoop,
And held it to his nose;
And snuff'd with an air of wildest joy
The odor as it rose!"

Signs and Firms.—*Wait & Ketchum*, is the very appropriate name of a firm in New York, which makes patent medicines on a large scale.

Call & Settle, have a tailoring establishment in Meadville. I presume they give short credits.

Neal & Pray, is a business firm at Portland, Me. It is superfluous to add that they belong to orthodox churches.

Luke Sharpe, is in the retail business in Cincinnati. As might be expected from the name, he is always wide awake, whenever money is to be made.—*Cist's Advertiser*.

Albums.—Albums are not so much in vogue as they once were, to the great relief of those whose brains do not discount promptly. Perhaps in such cases, the following impromptu, written in an album some fifteen years ago, may be available:

When the eyes of beholders
Meet this, let their shoulders
Shrug;
For what's writ in an album
I hold to be all hum—
Bug.

Flattering Preferences.—Two natives of the Marquesas Islands have been carried to France. The story runs, that on the voyage, one of their fellow passengers asked them which they liked the best, the French or English? "The English," answered the man, smacking his lips, "they are the *fattest*." "And a great deal more *tender*," chimed in the woman with a grin that exhibited two rows of pointed teeth, as sharp as a crocodile's.

Eloquence.—An Illinois lawyer defending a thief, wound up his speech to the jury in behalf of his injured client with the following rousing appeal: "True he was rude—so air our bars. True he was rough—so air our buffaloes. But he was a child of freedom, and his answer to the despot and the tyrant was, that his home was in the bright setting sun."

Very Uncertain.—"Boy, who do you belong to?" asked a gentleman the other day as he stepped on board of a steamboat and saw a darkey listlessly leaning on the guards. "I did b'long to Massa Williams, sir, when I came aboard, but he's been in the cabin playin' poker wid de captain 'bove an hour; I don't know who I b'long to *now*."—*Picayune*.

New, for Honor.—"I'll take two children if I can have 'em cheap," said a tall Yankee on entering an oyster cellar in Canal street the other day.

"Two children—what two children?"

"Why, I hain't got any myself and your sign reads '*Families supplied*,' don't it? I want you to supply me with one!"—*Noah's Messenger*.

Choice Selections.

GEMS FROM MISS BREMER.

SELECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY A LADY.

There is on earth much sorrow and much darkness; there is crime and sickness, the shriek of despair and the deep, long silent torture. Ah! who can name them all, the sufferings of humanity in their manifold pale dispensations? But God be praised! there is also an affluence of goodness and joy; there are noble deeds, fulfilled hopes, moments of rapture, decades of blissful peace, bright marriage-days, and calm, holy death-beds.

Deep and powerful souls adjust every thing in silence, and make no noise with their doings and themselves. They go on their way like the works of God. In deep silence the sun ascends the heaven; silently sinks the night down upon the earth. What prepares itself in greater stillness than the re-awaking of nature, and what is more glorious than the spring?

Marriage.—We array ourselves for marriages in flowers; and wear dark mourning-dresses for the last sorrowful festivity that attends a fellow being to his repose. And this often might be exactly reversed. But the custom is beautiful—for the sight of a young bride invites the heart involuntarily to joy. The festal attire, the myrtle wreath upon the virgin brows; all the affectionate looks, and the anticipations of the future that beautifully accompany her—all enrapture us. One sees in them a new home of love raised on earth, a peaceful Noah's Ark on the wild flood of life, in which the white dove of peace will dwell and build her nest; loving children, affectionate words, looks and love-warm hearts will dwell in the new home; friends will enjoy themselves under its hospitable roof; and much beautiful activity, and many a beautiful gift will thence go forth, and full of blessing diffuse itself over life. There stands the young bride, creator of all this—hopes and joys go forth from her. No one thinks of sufferings at a marriage festival.

Knowledge.—One fountain is there whose deep-lying vein has only just begun to throw up its silvery drops among mankind—a fountain which will allay the thirst of millions, and will give to those who drink from it peace and joy.

It is Knowledge, the fountain of intellectual cultivation which gives health to mankind, makes clear his vision, brings joy to his life, and breathes over his soul's destiny a deep repose. Go and drink therefrom, thou whom fortune has not favored, and thou wilt soon feel thyself rich. Thou mayest go forth into the world and find thyself every where at home; thou canst cultivate thyself in thy own little chamber; thy friends are ever around thee, and carry on wise conversations with thee; nature, antiquity, heaven, are accessible to thee! The industrious kingdom of the ant, the works of man, the rainbow and runic records offer to thy soul equal hospitality. The magnificence of creation illuminates not only thy eye, it glorifies thy thoughts, it enlightens thy understanding; oh, with such observations, with such impressions, feelings and adorations has not earthly life enough? Enough! Oh, inexpressibly, infinitely much!

But how is it enough—how is it so much? Eternal fountain of life and light! Because by that means we approach Thee, because by that means we press nearer to Thy being—learn to know Thee better! If, as a great author says, "The Pagan forgot the Creator in the creature," it befits certainly the true Christian everywhere to seek for the Creator in the created, to comprehend Him and to adore Him.

CHANGE ON CHANGE.

BY MISS ELIZABETH B. BARRETT.

Three months ago, the stream did flow,
The lilies bloomed along the edge;
And we were lingering to and fro—
Where none will track thee in this snow,
Along the stream, beside the hedge.
Ah! sweet, be free to come and go,
For now I do not hear thy foot,
The frozen river is as mute—
The flowers have dried down to the root;
And why, since these be changed since May,
Shouldst thou change less than they?

And slow, slow as the winter snow,
The tears have drifted to mine eyes;
And my two cheeks, three months ago
Set blushing at thy praises so,
Put paleness on for a disguise.
Ah! sweet, be free to praise and go;
For if my face is turned to pale,
It was thine oath that first did fail—
It was that love proved false and frail!
And why, since these be changed, I trow,
Should I change less than thou!

DIVERSITY OF FEATURES.

It is a proof of the wisdom of God, that, although the bodies of men are so conformed to each other in their essential parts, yet there is so great a difference in their external appearance that they may be easily and infallibly distinguished. Among so many millions of men there are no two perfectly alike. Each has something peculiar which distinguishes him from all others, either in face, voice or manner of speaking. The variety in face is the more astonishing because the parts which compose the human face are few in number, and are disposed in every person according to the same plan. If all things had been produced by blind chance, the face of men must as nearly resemble each other as eggs laid by the same bird, balls cast in the same mould, or drops of water from the same bucket. But this is not the case; we must admire the infinite wisdom of the Creator, which, in diversifying the features of the face in so admirable a manner has evidently the happiness of man in view. For, if they resembled each other perfectly, so that they could not be distinguished each from each, it would occasion an infinity of inconveniences, mistakes, and deceptions in society. No man could ever be sure of his life nor of the peaceable possession of his property. Thieves and cut-throats would run no risk of being discovered if they could not be known again by the features of their face or the sound of their voices. Adultery, theft, and other crimes would go unpunished, because the guilty could scarcely ever be discerned. We should be every moment exposed to the malice of wicked and envious men, and we could not guard against an infinity of mistakes, frauds and misdemeanors. And what uncertainty would there be in judiciary proceedings, in sales, transfers, bargains and commerce. What confusion in commerce! What frauds and bribery in respect to witnesses! Finally, the uniformity and perfect similitude of faces would deprive human society of a great part of its charms, and considerably diminish the pleasure which men find in conversing with each other.

The variety of features constitutes a part of the plan of Divine government, and is a striking proof of the tender care of God towards us; for it is manifest that not only the general structure of the body, but also the disposition of its peculiar parts, have been executed with the greatest wisdom. Every where we behold variety connected with uniformity, whence result the order, proportion and beauty of the human body. Let all who consider this subject admire the wise arrangement of the great Creator.—*Sturm's Reflections*.

Selected Articles.

SENSATION OF BEING HANGED.

I have the most perfect recollection, even of the slightest sensation which I experienced; and were the whole business to recommence in an hour from this moment, I should not feel the least concern. When the rope had been fastened about my neck, and when the executioner had pushed me from the ladder, I was seized with a violent pain about the throat. Shortly afterwards I felt nothing. The air inflated my lungs slowly, but punched up as they were, the slightest particle of the balmy breeze revived me; and besides being slightly balanced in mid air, I might be said to breathe it at every pore. I can even recollect that this swing-swang motion was not without its charms. I beheld external objects as it were through a thin veil of gauze, my ear was rather fatigued by a stilly silence; I began gradually to lose myself in my meditations, though I can no longer exactly recollect the subject of them, unless it was the money I had won the evening before from my comrade Gregorio. All of a sudden I gasped for breath; I could no longer perceive objects distinctly; I no longer felt the swing-swang motion; I was dead.—*The half-hanged Italian, Monthly Magazine*.

Pride.—Diogenes being at Olympia, saw at that celebrated festival some young men of Rhodes magnificently arrayed. Smiling, he exclaimed, "This is pride." Afterwards, meeting with some Lacedemonians in a mean and sordid dress, he said, "And this also is pride."

FROM THE LITERARY WORLD.

A PORTRAIT.

BY EMMA C. EMBURY.

"Heavenly blessings
Follow such creatures."

A gentle maiden, whose large, loving eyes
Enshrine a tender, melancholy light,
Like the soft radiance of the starry skies,
Or autumn sunshine, mellowed when most bright;
She is not sad, yet in her look appears,
Something that makes the gazer think of tears.

She is not beautiful; her features bear
A loveliness by angel hands impressed,
Such as the pure in heart alone may wear,—
The outward symbol of a soul at rest;
And this becomes her well, for love and truth
Companion ever with her guileless youth.

She hath a delicate foot, a dainty hand,
And every limb displays unconscious grace,
Like one, who, born a lady in the land,
Taketh no thought how best to fill her place,
But moveth ever at her own sweet will,
While gentleness and pride attend her still.

Nor hath she lost by any sad mischance
The happy thoughts that to her years belong,
Her step is ever fleetest in the dance,
Her voice is ever gayest in the song,
The silent air, by her rich notes, is stirred
As by the music of a forest bird.

There dwelleth in the sinlessness of youth
A sweet rebuke that vice may not endure,
And thus she makes an atmosphere of truth,
For all things in her presence grow more pure;
She walks in light,—her guardian angel flings
A halo round her from his radiant wings.

Royal Bank of Piety.—The following is the substance of a document which has been, for some years, posted in the Catholic Churches of Madrid:—"The Sacred and Royal Bank of Piety has, since its foundation in 1721, to November 1826, delivered from purgatory 1,039,395 souls, and 11,402 souls from November, 1826, to November, 1827." The entire sum expended for this object amounts to more than forty-three millions of francs. The number of masses said to accomplish this work of piety has been 858,931. Consequently each soul has cost between eight and nine-tenths of a mass, and thirty-eight francs.

For the Ladies.

KISSING THE BRIDE.

[The following letter is a rebuke of a most silly and senseless custom, which should be done away with among all respectable people. That the near relatives of a new made bride, should wish to kiss her after the ceremony, is natural and proper; but the universal ordeal, through which the bride has to pass in some parts of the country, is shameful and disgusting.]

Sir:—I herewith send a bit of wedding cake. I am in a very bad humor, I assure you; which you know ought not to be the very day one is married. It is not at my husband, though, dear good man he is. Oh! I was vexed beyond endurance last evening. That vile practice! Would you believe it? A hundred and fifty kisses!—of all sorts and sizes, and foul, from old and young, from male and female! Faugh! could any bride endure all that and preserve her temper? Such a charge of snuff! such showers of tobacco spittle! such fumes of tobacco smoke! No poor man covered with vermin was ever more drenched. If this fashion of the whole company kissing the bride must be followed, in the name of all that's decent, let old grand daddies burn out their pipes before they offer to poke them under your very nose. And those whose throats are at best so many sepulchres, I would advise before they go to a wedding to fill their pockets with cloves, cinnamon or coriander seed, and commence chewing at least an ounce before the marriage ceremony begins.

Only think of a poor creature standing up an hour and a half after the blessed knot was tied only to be nozzled and slobbered over by all the masculine gender of the neighborhood! Only think of a delicate, modest female, standing like a target, the object of all the lipshots of a large corps of militia, and then I thought I should have dropped down with fatigue. I verily believe I used an ounce of hartshorne to keep me from fainting. But vexed as I was, Mr. Editor, I could not, to gain the world, help laughing sometimes at the queer spectacle we all made. And you would have laughed, too, if you had been there.

Only imagine, if you please, the chief person of the group, me, Dorothy Daffodil, at the right hand of my dear spouse; and a crowd of men, like a swarm of flies round a cup of molasses, all pressing forward, and making up their lips ready for a smack; and then, one after another, poking their snouts into my very face, and me wiping my face every whipstitch, to appear a little decent. But the most ludicrous part of the exhibition was to see a bashful fellow go through the manœuvres. Like a shy trout venturing up to the bait—advancing a little and then darting back among the reeds—you might behold the poor man with heart beating audibly, coming forward with a cautious step, stooping sometimes through fear, or slipping behind the friendly corporation of some broad-backed fellow a little ahead. Having advanced within a yard or so, you might see him as if afraid his courage would fail by delay, dart forward from behind his shelter, snatch a kiss, and be off in the twinkling of an eye. But alas! ludicrous as it may appear, my poor cheek had to suffer in consequence of it, and even now bears the mark inflicted on it by Simon Snagg letooth.

Some of the old fellows must kiss me, they said, on both sides of my face—and some of them said my breath was as a rose in October, and others that it was as fragrant as a load of new made hay. Some of the old fellows with one foot in the grave, and the other on the brink, said they kissed my grandmother and my mother, and now I suppose they think they have capped the climax of their gallant exploits by nozzling over me as though I was a mere baby.

I pitied my poor husband, poor man, to be obliged to stand and look on as silly as a fool, and see his new married wife gummed over. I wish in my soul he would have knocked down half a dozen of his own unadulterated feelings, instead of being restrained by the rules of etiquette. But, Mr. Editor, after all my sufferings and vexations, here I am alive, and I pray Heaven I never may be married again, till the custom of kissing the bride by the wholesale is done away.

Yours sincerely, D. D.

Humorous Sketches.

"ZAT IS MY TRUNK!"

In the days of coaching over the Providence turnpike, before Rail-road cars were in *esse*, and baggage crates existed, and when travellers had to keep a sharp look out for their luggage, some forty or fifty passengers had just stepped on board the old "Ben Franklin," and got under way on Narraganset Bay. A gentleman, who had occasion to get some of his wardrobe, had just hauled out from an immense pile of baggage stowed amid-ships a new black leather trunk of portly dimensions, studded with brass nails, when a little withered Frenchman, of a mottled complexion, and fashionably dressed, darted from the crowd, and, interposing between our friend and his property, exclaimed, courteously, but positively—

"I beg your pardon, sare—*mais, pardonnez moi*—you have got *so* wrong *cochon* by *ze oreille*—zat is my trunk!"

"Not so, Monsieur—I hope I know my own traps."

"*Restez tranquille*—hold on—dans un instant vill prove my props—aha! you see dis key, eh?" Applying it to the lock, he threw up the lid, and then struck a triumphant attitude. "My key unlock you trunk—eh? Tell me zat!"

"Stand out of the way!—its my trunk, I tell you."

"Hold on von leetle minuit!—zose your shurts, eh?"

"To be sure they are!"

"Zose you drowaires, eh?"

"Certainly!"

"Vait a moment—I will prove my props, sare," and the little Frenchman, rummaging beneath a pile of shirts and stocks produced a bottle, and said deliberately, with a hideous grin—

"Zat—your—bot-tolle of Dom foso lah (itch) oint—ment—sare—eh? Ave you got von leetel lah? Zis you *Remede* for ze lepros (leprosy, eh?) Ah! I knew it was my trunk!"

It is needless to remark that our friend immediately "opened a wide gap" between himself and the interesting victim of two of the most unpopular disorders known to suffering humanity.—*Spirit of the Times*.

THE MAN WHO KISSED THE THREE GIRLS.

A young man who boarded at a house in the country, where were several coy damsels who seemed to imagine that men were terrible creatures, whom it was an unpardonable sin to look at, was one afternoon accosted by an acquaintance, and asked what he thought of the young ladies with whom he boarded? He replied that they were very shy and reserved.

"So they are," returned the other, "and so much so that no gentleman could get near enough to tell the color of their eyes."

"That they may be," said the boarder, "yet I will stake a million that I can kiss all three without any trouble."

"That you cannot do," cried his friend; "it is an achievement which neither you nor any other man can accomplish."

The other was positive, and invited his friend to the house to witness his triumph. They entered the room together, and the three girls were all at home sitting beside their mother, and they looked prim and demure as John Rogers at the stake.

Our hero assumed a very grave aspect, even to dejection, and having looked wistfully at the clock, breathed a sigh as deep as Algebra, and as long as a female dialogue at a street door. His singular deportment now attracted the attention of the girls, who cast their slow opening eyes up to his countenance. Perceiving the impression he had made, he turned to his companion and said,

"It wants three minutes of the time!"

"Do you speak of the dinner?" said the old lady, laying down her sewing work.

"Dinner!" said he, with bewildered aspect, and pointing, as if unconsciously, with curled forefinger at the clock.

A silence ensued, during which the female part of the household glared at the young man with irrepressible curiosity.

"You will see me decently interred," said he, again turning to his friend.

His friend was as much puzzled as anybody present, and his embarrassment added to the intended effect; but the old lady being unable to contain herself cried,

"Mr. C——, pray what do you speak of?"

"Nothing," answered he, in a lugubrious tone, "but last night a spirit appeared unto me!" Here the girls rose to their feet and drew near. "And the spirit gave me warning that I should die exactly at twelve o'clock to-day, and you see it wants but half a minute of that time!"

The girls turned pale, and their hidden sympathies were at once awakened for the doomed youth. They stood chained to the spot, looking alternately at the clock and the poor doomed youth. He then walked up to the eldest of the girls, and taking her by the hand bade her a solemn farewell. He also imprinted a kiss upon her trembling lips, which she did not attempt to resist. He then bade the second and third farewell in the same tender and affectionate manner. His object was achieved, and that moment the clock struck twelve. Hereupon he looked around surprised, and ejaculated, "who would have believed that an apparition would tell such a lie?"

It was some time before the sober maidens understood the joke, and when they did, they evinced no resentment. That first kiss broke the ice; and, thanks to the ghost, they discovered there was some pleasure in gentlemen's society.

Agricultural.

TO MULTIPLY THE POTATO FROM THIRTY TO A HUNDRED-FOLD.

It appears not to be generally known, that the potato plant may be propagated more abundantly, and with greater ease, than most other plants. The shoots produce roots naturally at every joint below the ground when planted in the usual way; to plant for propagation, a small space of ground will be sufficient, as the tubers may be placed close together; when shoots have grown an inch or two above the surface of the earth the tops may be cut off below the first rooted joint, and planted two or three inches apart in fine sandy earth; in the course of a week or ten days they will be well rooted plants, and planted at the distances that potatoes are generally planted, will produce a crop of tubers in eight, ten, or twelve weeks (according to the kinds) equal to that produced from tubers, and when propagated in this manner plants may be obtained in great quantities.

A more simple way will be to place the tubers in a similar manner, as before stated, and when the shoots have grown to the length of two or three inches above the soil, to take up the tubers and strip off the shoots from them; there will be six or more beautifully rooted plants, just in order for final planting; replace the tubers as before, which may be repeated at least four times, and this will produce sufficient plants from four or five tubers of a moderate size to plant a rod of ground, at the distances that tubers are usually planted. Lateral shoots taken from a growing crop, treated like cuttings of other plants, and afterwards transplanted, will also produce a crop of tubers equal in quantity to that produced by the parent plant.—*Gardeners' Chronicle*.

NEW ROOTS TO OLD TREES.

The New England Farmer mentions the fact that the editor of that journal having some pear trees on quince stocks which were dying, took a dozen pear stocks, two years old, and partially removed the earth from about the roots of six of the most sickly looking trees, so as to make room for the roots of the young pear stocks, placing one on each of the opposite sides of the old trees. The tops of the young stocks were cut off by a drawing stroke, making the taper about two inches in length, as for splice grafting. A horizontal cut was then made through the bark of the tree, just above its junction with the quince, and then an upward incision in the bark of the desired length. Enough of the bark below the horizontal cut was removed to prevent its offering any obstruction. The bark was then raised by carefully passing a three-cornered wedge up the incision. The tapered point of the stock, prepared as above, was gently crowded up till it felt firm in its place, and was bound up firmly with matting. The earth was then carefully covered over the roots and heaped up four or five inches above the place of operation to exclude the air. The result was highly satisfactory. The trees are entirely renovated. Those on which he did not operate died. Where trees are girdled about the roots by mice in winter, they may be saved in this way.

FISH PONDS.

The pond should, if possible, be near a spring, and thence derive its supply of water; those upon larger streams are liable to be swept away by freshets. The lot in which the pond is situated should be kept permanently in grass; otherwise the water, at every rain, is liable to become muddy, and the pond to fill up from the washing of the soil. To construct the dam, commence by sinking a ditch (until you reach the solid subsoil) four feet wide, and in the centre of the place to be occupied with the dam; the earth thrown out to be laid on each side. This ditch is to be gradually filled with clay, a little at a time, and that to be kept moist and well pounded. This wall (as it were) of clay to be carried quite to the top of the dam, and will form what is called the key.

The dam should always be three times as wide at the base as it is high, and its width at top should equal its height. The more gentle the slope from the top of the dam each way, the greater its strength. Trees and shrubs should never be planted upon it, as the decay of their roots is liable to let the water through. The stream running from the pond might in many locations be turned to good account as either water-power for the minor domestic purposes, such as forcing water, churning, &c., or for irrigation.—*Farmer's Library*.

Valuation of Land in Maryland.—The following information, touching the valuation of land in the several counties of this State, is derived from the Report of the Committee on Ways and Means, made at the last session of the Legislature:—

The average valuation per acre in St. Mary's county, is $9 91; in Charles county it is $5 71; in Prince George's, $18 42; in Calvert, $10 64, in Anne Arundel, $13 22; in Howard District, $15 16; in Baltimore county, $19 94; in Frederick, $27 13; in Washington, $29 14; in Montgomery, $9 17; in Carroll, $17 69; in Harford, $11 58; in Talbot, $16 60; in Somerset, $6 97; in Cecil, $16 89; in Worcester, $6 21; and in Caroline, $4 88. Neither Allegany, Kent, Queen Anne's nor Dorchester, is mentioned in the report, so that we are unable to give the valuation of land in those counties.

SOUTHERN AGRICULTURE.

At a recent meeting of the New York Farmers' Club, the Honorable Dixon H. Lewis, of Alabama, being present, was called upon for some observations on *Southern Agriculture*. In answering the call, the honorable gentleman remarked that he had planted Corn for twenty years, his crop averaging from fifty to seventy bushels per acre—though of late years it has been from thirty to forty-five—the reduction occuring, as he thought, in consequence of his overseer permitting shallow ploughing, running over the ground to the depth of not more than five inches, by which the land soon became, in a measure, exhausted. To remedy this, Mr. L. sent on to New York for Prouty's ploughs, which, when put in operation on his plantation, he stated, were driven into the ground with the full strength of three horses, sinking the instrument from nine to twelve and sixteen inches in the earth, so that the subsoil was cut up—an important point; and in estimating the proportion of subsoil cut by these ploughs on his land, Mr. L. mentioned that twelve inches ploughed depth would generally admit of *seven inches of fresh soil* being cut effectually. His plantation consists of cane-land—black limestone—but the best soil he ever had was that thrown out from ditches.

In recurring, by request, to the question of *ploughing*, Mr Lewis said that by a long course of cultivation land becomes exhausted, and that, therefore, deep ploughing is requisite to bring up the subsoil in order to afford to the growing plants the greatest possible amount of nutriment—Corn is much cultivated, and with so great facility that it rarely brings more than fifty cents per bushel—generally about twenty-five or thirty; he would be very well content to raise nothing but corn at the medium price of forty cents a bushel in crib, with a good market.

Cotton, Mr. L. did not consider so profitable a culture as Corn, unless the former commanded a uniform *high price*. The *seed* of Cotton weighs *rather more than three-fourths of the plant*, and every twelve hundred pounds gives three hundred and sixty of the picked cotton. *Ploughing* affects Cotton in so much as this—that it drains the land, makes it warmer, and throws it into a good condition for the Spring. He did not believe that *soft* land would do at all for Cotton—the tap-root of the plant running a great way into the ground, [he had himself traced it two feet, and had been informed of greater depths,] it requires and makes an effort to find a tenacious soil, (as clay,) to hold firmly—and if not succeeding, it rots off: therefore, he sets down *very rich land as bad for Cotton*.

In regard to the *manuring* of lands, Mr. L. had, he remarked, in a great measure, adopted the theory of Petzholdt, whose "*Lectures*" he had read with great satisfaction. Petzholdt holds that certain *soluble salts* are held by some plants and substances, which go towards the production of those plants, and that those excelling in quality or quantity also excel in the salts. Mr. L. believed, also, that, by means of a machine, the shell can be separated from the pulp of the cotton-seed, and that from the latter a good vegetable *oil* can be obtained with little trouble and of great usefulness—but then he wanted to be assured, before he made the experiment, that he would not thus be robbing the soil of what it needed. Hence the necessity of an *analysis* not only of the stalk, but of the boll, fibre, and seed of the Cotton Plant—an analysis which shall bring out such results as shall lessen the cost of manures, by lessening the bulk of the material required for the production of the plant. Petzholdt holds that the *bulk* of any article used as a fertilizer does *not* contain the principle of the growth of the plant; and that the process of incineration is the very best mode in which to get at the "sum and substance" of the matter.

Subsequently, the Club agreed on ordering a complete analysis, by the best chemists, of the Cotton Plant, in accordance with the suggestion—if Mr. Lewis would do them the favor to send from his plantation a perfect specimen, including stalk, fibre, boll and seed. For this purpose Mr. L. signified his cheerful readiness to comply with the request—and there will be attained, some time, a *thorough knowledge* of this plant so truly useful and almost indispensable—and the planters of the South can ascertain, to a certainty, whether or not it can be applied to a still greater number of purposes—and whether the extraction of an *oil* from it will be beneficial or prejudicial to the interests of the cultivator. Let us have a speedy and thorough analysis and report.

WO, GEE, HIE.

The language addressed to horses varies as much as even the dialects are observed to do in different parts of the country. One word, *Wo*, to stop, seems, however, to be in general use. The motions required to be performed by the horse at work are—to go forward, to go backward, to go from you, and to come towards you; and the cessation of all these namely, to stop or stand still.

To Lessen or Cease Motion.—The word *Wo* is the common one for a cessation of motion; and it is also used to the making any sort of motion slower; and it also means to be careful, or cautious, or not be afraid, when it is pronounced with some duration, such as *Wo-o-o*. In some parts, as in Forfarshire, *Stand* has a similar signification; but to stand without any movement at all, the word *Still* is there employed. In England *Wo* is to stop.

To Go Forward.—The name of the leader is usually pronounced, as also the well known *Chuck*, *Chuck*, made with the tongue at the side of the mouth, while impelling the breath.

To Step Backward.—*Back* is the only word I can remember to have heard for this motion.

To Come Towards You.—*Hie* is used in all the border counties of England and Scotland; *Hie here*, *come other*, are common in the midland counties of Scotland. In towns one hears frequently *Wynd* and *Vane*. In the West of England *Wo* is used.

To Go From You.—*Hup* is the counterpart to hie in the southern counties, while *hand off* is the language of the midland counties, and in towns, *Haup* is used where wynd is heard, and *Hip* bears a similar relation to vane. In the West of England *Gee agen* is used.

In all the cases, the speaker is supposed to be on what is called the *near side* of the horse, that is the horse's left side. As a single word is more convenient to use than a sentence, I shall employ the simple and easy pronounced words *hup* and *hie*, when having occasion to describe any piece of work in which horses are employed.—*Stephen's Book of the Farm*.

TO DRAIN PONDS THAT HAVE NO NATURAL OUTLET.

Ponds are often drained by digging pits in their margin deep enough to go through the stratum of clay that the water cannot penetrate. The Rev. Mr. Elliott, of Connecticut, who wrote a century ago on the subject, and gave many useful directions on farming in general, gave instances in which ponds were completely drained into the sandy stratum below the stratum of clay—no other outlet being necessary to convey off the surplus water.

The American Agriculturist for July has the following remarks on the same subject:—

"In many parts of the country there exist deep depressions or hollows in the surface of the earth, commonly known under the names of sink-holes, frog ponds, &c., which are filled a great part of the year with stagnant water, rife with pestilence and disease, and contaminating the air during the summer months for miles around. These pools, when drained, afford an abundance of muck of the most valuable kind for making composts, or mixing with barn-yard manure; or they may readily be converted into rich tillable land. In many places where these holes abound, at some distance below the surface there is a stratum of loose sand which will freely admit the passage of water; and it is generally found that their bottoms consist of a thin stratum of clay or impervious mud, overlying the sand. In order to drain them, all that is necessary, is, to dig or bore one or more holes in the bottom, till you reach the stratum of sand, when the water will be immediately absorbed and the pond become dry. Several ponds of this description, on Long Island, have lately been drained in this way with perfect success."

Charcoal.—Pounded charcoal, or the refuse of the heap, should be thickly strewed over every place where filth is allowed to accumulate. It absorbs the bad smell, and makes an excellent manure of what otherwise would not only be useless but offensive. It also prevents the larvæ of insects from becoming flies or moths. Pigs like to eat charcoal, and are thought to fatten on it; and in the course of the summer months, I frequently have a bushel or so at a time thrown over the pen. It makes the manure so much more valuable that I find it worth while to buy it for the purpose, and in so doing the pens are never offensive.—*American Agriculturist*.

MORE HELP TO THE FARMER.

Sulphuric Acid, invaluable for many purposes, is coming into common use among English farmers. Some buy whole cartloads of it. The old price was eight cents per pound, but it can now be had in Liverpool for three—platinum receivers, though they cost five thousand dollars, effecting a great saving, when substituted for glass in the manufacture. The production of crops removes the phosphate of lime from the soil—bones dissolved in sulphuric acid produce this phosphate, and the phosphoric acid so produced has been brought to bear upon the land with the most beneficial effects. Professor Liebig gives it as his opinion, that the commercial prosperity of a country may be estimated by the quantities of sulphuric acid it consumes; and Mr. Pusey, M. P., declared, in a lecture on it, last month, that he considers it no inadequate criterion of the degree of civilization. In Wiley & Putnam's new edition of Liebig, page 184, it is remarked that Ingenhouse proposed dilute sulphuric acid as a means of increasing the fertility of soil. Sprinkled on calcareous soils, gypsum is formed, but this is a costly manure—one hundred pounds of concentrated sulphuric acid diluted with one thousand pounds of water being equivalent only to 176 pounds of gypsum.

Science and Art.

IRON AND STEEL.

At a conversational meeting in Newark, New Jersey, the subject of iron was introduced. Professor Mapes said that cast iron examined with the microscope was found to be composed of alternate particles of carbon and iron, and that it may be easily melted because the heat is carried from particle to particle with rapidity, but wrought iron is without the carbon, and no fire on earth can melt it, though it can be heated to a melting heat, and wasted away by it. Cast iron and cast steel are composed of similar substances, but they are chemically combined in steel and naturally in the iron. The peculiarity of malleable iron is that it is capable of bending without breaking, and it may be made by surrounding cast iron with pro-oxide of iron which extracts the carbon. Iron at a red heat has a strong affinity for oxygen, and will waste away very rapidly, which it shows in the scales at a blacksmith's forge. Iron in a state of rust also rusts very rapidly; hence a piece of iron laid on a railroad track will soon rust, when the rail, which is constantly used, will not. Bars of iron may be preserved from rust by frequently knocking them upon the end. Two pieces cannot be welded together unless the oxygen is removed, and the surfaces come in contact. In welding axes they use borax to clean out the oxyde. Oxydation takes place much more rapidly than is supposed, and it was thought that it would happen in the thousandth part of a second, for if a piece of steel be laid over mercury, and then broken by one blow from a hammer, which drives the broken ends into the mercury at the same moment, they will not be touched by the mercury, showing that they oxydized the instant they were broken; for if the steel be broken under the mercury, the ends will be coated with it. The English boiler iron is never bent at right angles, as with us, but they place the edges of two pieces together, and then fasten them by a corner piece and two rows of rivets. If the least portion of sulphur is combined with iron, it becomes incapable of torsion, and if any phosphorus, it becomes brittle. Holes in cast iron kettles are now mended by pouring melted metal through the hole, the edges of which become fused, and finally adhere. Case hardening is the conversion of the surface into steel, which is effected by surrounding it with carbon, when the surface takes up a portion and becomes steel. A hard spot in iron may be rendered soft enough to cut by covering it with the prussiate of potash and heating. A member stated that saleratus would answer the same purpose.

Professor Mapes stated that the Novelty Works, in New York, had commenced making small boats of iron, which were lighter and easier made than those of wood: they occupy much less room also, and cannot sink on account of their containing air vessels. They are simply made by striking out the sides with a die, and riveting them together at the keel.

YEATMAN'S IMPROVED WHEAT FAN.

This machine is of the ordinary form and size, and the improvements consist, 1st, in dispensing with the board or shoe at the bottom of the hopper, and substituting a revolving apron or feeding belt to carry the grain on to the sieves, or riddles; 2d, a row of vibrating fingers, made of strong iron wire, which receive the straws and chaff, and greatly assist in separating them from the grain as it falls from the apron to the sieves; 3d, a contrivance by which the three sieves, and the fingers before named, are made to vibrate alternately with and opposite to each other, and so quietly as to avoid the noise and jar attendant upon the operation of ordinary machines, while it allows of a greater width of wire and secures a more perfect riddling of the grain. In fact we are confident that this peculiarity alone is sufficient to commend the invention to all who are familiar with the operation of such machines, and will in a short time secure for it very general use among the farmers.—*Scientific American*.

GLASS.

It is difficult to foresee to what perfection the manufacture of glass may be brought, and to what purposes the article may yet be applied. The balance-spring of a chronometer is now made of glass, as a substitute for steel, and possesses a greater degree of elasticity and a greater power of resisting the alternations of heat and cold. A chronometer with a glass balance-spring was sent to the North Sea, and exposed to a competition with nine other chronometers, and the result of the experiment was a report in favor of the glass spring one.

Our Scrap Book.

OUTGUSHINGS.

A TRANSCENDENTAL POEM.

[The following is a capital satire, on a certain style of poetry.]

All things are made of odds and ends—
Few people have their steadfast friends.
The world—a Golgotha of skulls—
Lies spread on Nature's vast abyss,
And ships, denuded of their hulls,
Soar, bird-like, up to realms of bliss:
Woman to woman seldom shows
The inmost thought her bosom heaves,
But sits she like a desert rose,
And maketh many gowns with sleeves.
Outgushing—fragrant, rife, and dire,
Tumultuous, quiet, calm, and mad,
On soul built altars glows the fire—
• • • • • •
• • • • • •
Connecticut's the land for shad!

I know not, but I sometimes think,
That mind like body needeth drink—
For oh! when lonely glories rush
Like music in bewildering gush—
Young children, mothers of themselves,
Steal pearly cream from lofty shelves;
The spirit, in a vast balloon,
Ascends, triumphant, from our sphere,
And dashing wildly toward the moon,
Affects "that are," and quits "this 'ere."

Let me, a fragment, struck away
From some great sun's evanished ray,
Sit musing, like a meek-eyed cow,
With lowings musical and sweet,
And the mind's mighty minstrels bow,
With nations quivering at my feet;
Enough—I break my human lyre
Whose melancholy tone increase—
Oh, pensive soul! my wild desire
Outgushes higher, *higher*, HIGHER!
Love, Beauty, Ecstacy and Fire!
Come, come—oh, come! and save the pieces.

Feeding Rats.—Anthony Benezet, at an early period of his residence, was accustomed statedly to feed his rats in *his area*. An old Friend, who visited him, having found him in that employment, expressed his wonder that he so kindly treated such pernicious vermin, saying they should rather be killed out of the way. "Nay," said good Anthony, "I will not treat them so; you make them thieves by maltreating and starving them, but I make them honest by feeding them; for, being so fed, they never prey on any goods of mine!" This singular fact may be relied upon. It was further said, that on the occasion of feeding them, he used to stand in the area, when they would gather around his feet like chickens. One of his family once hung a collar round one of them, which was seen for years after, feeding in the group.—*Watson's Annals*.

The Olio.

NATURE AND ART.

Sylph like, and with a graceful pride,
I saw the wild Louisa glide
Along the dance's glittering row,
With footsteps soft as falling snow;
And all around her smiles she poured;
And though by all admired, adored,
She seemed to hold the homage light,
And careless claimed it as her right.
With siren voice the lady sung;
Love on her tones enraptured hung,
While timid awe and fond desire
Came blended from her witching lyre.
While thus, with associated art,
The enchantress melted every heart,
Amid the glance, the sigh, the smile,
Herself unmoved and cold the while,
With inward pity eyed the scene,
Where all were subjects—she a queen!

Again I saw that lady fair—
Oh, what a beauteous change was there!
In a sweet cottage of her own
She sat, and she was all alone,
Save a young child she sung to rest
On its soft bed, her fragrant breast.
With happy smiles, and happy sighs,
She kissed the infant's closing eyes;
Then o'er him, in the cradle laid,
Moved her dear lips as if she prayed:
She blessed him in his father's name.
Lo! to her side that father came,
And in a voice subdued and mild,
He blessed the mother and her child!
I thought upon the proud saloon,
And that enchantress queen; but soon
Far off art's fading pageant stole,
And nature filled my thoughtful soul.

Indian Ceremony.—"I also witnessed, while at Leech Lake, the conclusion of a ceremony that was commenced some weeks before. There had been a Virgin Dance, the prominent features of which are as follows:—All the virgins of the village assemble together, and seat themselves in a large circle. In the midst of this company are collected all the young men of the village, who dance for the amusement of the ladies. But it so happens that one of the men stops suddenly and points his finger at a particular girl, she is at once looked upon as having lost her virginity; if the charge is substantiated the girl is disgraced, but if not, the young man must *die*. The *conclusion* that I alluded to was the execution, in cold blood, of a fine looking young man who had attempted, without cause, to ruin the reputation of a girl by whom he had been rejected. In an unguarded moment he had been stabbed, and when I saw him he was weltering in his blood. It was a terrible exhibition of justice and cruelty, and made me partly admire and then utterly despise the character of the whole Indian race."—*Summer in the Wilderness*.

A PORTRAIT.

But she was a soft landscape of mild earth,
Where all was harmony, and calm and quiet,
Luxuriant, budding, cheerful without mirth,
Which, if not happiness, is yet more nigh it
Than are your mighty passions, and so forth,
Which some call "the sublime;" I wish
they'd try it:
I've seen your stormy seas and stormy women,
And pity lovers rather more than seamen.

Byron.

The Agricultural Implements of the Peruvians.—They had neither the iron ploughshare of the old world, nor had they animals for draught, which, indeed were nowhere found in the new. The instrument which they used was a strong, sharp-pointed stake, traversed by a horizontal piece, ten or twelve inches from the point, on which the ploughman might set his foot and force it into the ground. Six or eight strong men were attached by ropes to the stake, and dragged it forcibly along—pulling together, and keeping time as they moved by chanting their national songs, in which they were accompanied by the women, who followed in their train to break up the sods with their rakes. The mellow soil offered slight resistance; and the laborer, by long practice, acquired a dexterity which enabled him to turn up the ground to the requisite depth with astonishing facility. This substitute for the plough was but a clumsy contrivance; yet it is curious, as the only specimen of the kind among the American aborigines, and was, perhaps, not much inferior to the wooden instrument introduced in its stead by the European conquerors.—*Prescott's Peru*.

A Hint to Gentlemen and Ladies.—In walking with a gentleman, the step of the lady should be lengthened, and his shortened, to prevent the hobbling appearance of not keeping step. Let everybody remember this.

The Riddler.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 15 letters.
My 1, 9, 7, 3, 3, 13, is a county in Missouri.
My 2, 9, 12, 4, 10, 3, is a county in Georgia.
My 3, 7, 5, is a river in the Southern States.
My 4, 9, 12, 2, is a river in Europe.
My 5, 2, 14, 14, 4, 15, is a university of France.
My 6, 7, 3, 14, 7, is a town in Hindoostan.
My 7, 9, 9, 2, 14, is a county in Ohio.
My 8, 3, 7, 9, is a range of mountains in Europe.
My 9, 8, 9, 4, 7, is a river in Europe.
My 10, 7, 12, 11, 14, is a county in Georgia.
My 11, 1, 15, 7, 3, is a town in the north of Europe.
My 12, 5, 13, 15, 9, 7, 11, is a town in Russia.
My 13, 3, 14, 7, is a mountain in Europe.
My 14, 2, 14, is a river in England.
My 15, 7, 14, 7, is a river in Arabia.
My whole was a celebrated Painter of ancient times. M. J. H.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 17 letters.
My 5, 9, 12, 16, 3, is a river in France.
My 4, 3, 2, 3, 16, 3, 11, is the capital of a division of Asia.
My 11, 12, 7, 3, is a river in Africa.
My 15, 7, 1, 5, 11, is a lake in Siberia.
My 1, 9, 11, 1, 12, 5, is a lake in China.
My 5, 1, 15, 7, 5, is a county in Mississippi.
My 9, 15, 11, 1, 3, 3, is a river in South Carolina.
My 9, 16, 13, 11, 14, 3, is a county in New York.
My 8, 15, 6, 1, 13, is a city in Buenos Ayres.
My 10, 16, 12, 9, is a cape in South America.
My whole is worth going to see. H. R. T.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why are your teeth like verbs?
Ans.—Regular, irregular, and defective.

Spell the Archipelago in three letters?
Ans.—E G and C. (*Ægean Sea.*)

Why is an andiron like a yard-stick?
Ans.—It has three feet.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.
Gulian Crommelin Verplanck.

RIDDLE.
Gold Watch.

Culinary Department

RECEIPTS.

Pumpkin Pies.—Pare the outer rind from a pumpkin, cut it up and take out the seeds; then put it over the fire with a cup of water: cover it, and let it boil until it is perfectly tender, and will mash; then take it into a colander or sieve, with a skimmer; let it drain; then rub it through the sieve or colander, into a deep basin; add to it enough milk to make it quite thin, one teaspoonful of salt, a nutmeg grated, some essence of lemon, and six well-beaten eggs, and sugar to taste. Line a dish with paste or puff paste, and fill with the prepared pumpkin. Some like ginger in the mixture.

There may be more or less eggs than is here directed; but this number, to a common sized cheese pumpkin, makes excellent pies.

Waffles.—These delicious articles, with butter and honey, make a very agreeable addition to the breakfast table. Every body, though, does not know how to make them. We find the following recipe for making quick waffles:—Mix flour and cold milk together to make a thick batter. To a quart of the flour put six beaten eggs, a tablespoonful of melted butter, and a teaspoonful of salt. Some cooks add a quarter of a pound of sugar and half a nutmeg. Bake them immediately. Rice waffles are made after this method:—Take a tea cup and a half of boiled rice—warm it with a pint of milk, mix it smooth, then take it from the fire, stir it in a pint of cold milk, and a teaspoonful of salt. Beat four eggs, and stir them in, together with sufficient flour to make a thick batter.